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# Tatler

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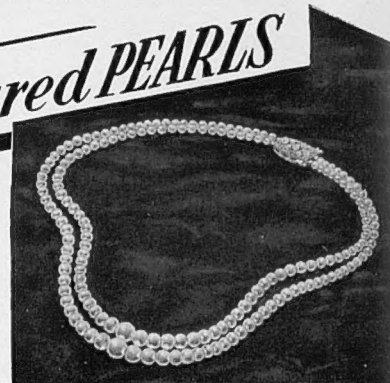
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## GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

ANY TIME from now on the news can be expected of the royal birth. It will come from Buckingham Palace, thus adding to the history of that familiar building—which is richer in history than many suppose, as Hector Bolitho shows in *The Queen's House* on page 57. Whom will the royal baby look like? THE COVER, by Colin Sherborne, is carefully evasive, but when the first pictures of the child appear it will be interesting to compare them with babyhood photographs of other members of the Royal Family, and some of these are shown on pages 59 to 61. . . . Anticipating the royal christening, Ronald Blythe discusses on page 53 the unique place that the Church of England, of which the Queen herself is head, has come to occupy in 20th-century national life. . . . Of course the arrival of the new prince or princess will also make baby talk a standard topic—hence the *Guide To Modern Nannies* on page 56 and Counter Spy's report (pages 62 & 63) on essentials for the 1960 infant. . . .

What else? The fashion pages this week take a look at the international range of knitwear now in the shops. *Toasting Tricot* begins on page 64. . . . In Russia last year Ida Kar found that the land of communism is just catching on to the attractions of capitalist craftsmanship. *Antiques hit Moscow* is on page 72. . . .

Next week: New faces on stage & screen . . . Lord Kilbracken on *Shares are fun*. . . .

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET  
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**SPORT** Rugby: England v. Wales, Twickenham, 16 January.  
Squash Rackets Amateur Championship, R.A.C. To 18 January.  
Curling: Scottish Championship, Perth. To 23 January.  
Boxing: England v. Scotland, A.B.A. match, Royal Albert Hall, 27 January.

**MUSICAL** Covent Garden Opera. *The Tales Of Hoffman*, 7.30 p.m., 16, 19, 25 January. (cov 1066.)  
Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Fille Mal Gardée* (new Ashton ballet), first performance, 7.30 p.m., 28 January. (cov 1066.)  
Royal Festival Hall. Roy Guest & Robin Hall in *Folk Songs, Burns and Dylan Thomas*, 7.45 p.m., 17 January. Hedli Anderson in poems & songs of Bertolt Brecht, 8.15 p.m., 21 January. First of six Bach concerts by the London Harpsichord Ensemble, 8.15 p.m., 23 January. Hallé Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 24 January, 8 p.m., 25 January. (WAT 3191.)  
Sadler's Wells Opera. Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Bartok's *Duke Bluebeard's Castle*, 7.30 p.m., 15 January. (TER 1672/3.)

**ART** Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly. To early March.  
James Ward Exhibition, Tate Gallery, Millbank. To 31 January.  
Drawings & Watercolours from the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square. 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. (Tuesdays, Thursdays 10 a.m. - 8 p.m.) To 6 February.  
Michael Ffolkes and Ivan Mosca paintings, Arthur Jeffress Gallery, 28 Davies St. To 29 January.  
New Year Miscellany, Ohana Gallery, 13 Carlos Place. To 10 February.  
Flower Paintings, R.W.S. Gallery, 26 Conduit St. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. (Saturdays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.) To 28 January.

**EXHIBITIONS** Physical Society's Exhibition of Scientific Instruments & Apparatus. R.H.S. Old & New Halls, Westminster. 18-22 January.

### FESTIVALS & ANNIVERSARIES

"The War On Want," Central Hall, Westminster. 16-23 January.

Royal Albert Hall, New Year Folk Dance Festival, 7.30 p.m., 15 & 16 January (matinée 2.30 p.m., 16 January). (KEN 8212.)

Plough Sunday Service, Chichester Cathedral, 17 January.

Burns Day Celebrations, 25 January.

Up-Helly-a', Lerwick, Shetlands, 26 January.

Dicing For The Maids' Money, Guildford, 28 January.

### HUNT BALLS

Albrighton Woodland (Town Hall, Dudley, Wores), Bleasdale Beagles (Norbreek Hydro, Blackpool), Lintlithgow & Stirlingshire (Hopetoun House), Meon Valley & Winchester Beagles (Beach Hotel, Southsea), N. Northumberland (Pallinsburn, Cornhill-on-Tweed), S. Shropshire



(Netley Hall, Shrewsbury), 22 January; Fernie (Deene Park), 23 January; Hampshire (Guildhall, Winchester), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), York & Ainsty (North) (Coppgrove Hall), Chiddingfold Farmers' (Officers' Club, Aldershot), 29 January; Bicester & Warden Hill (Kirtlington House), 5 February.

### PRaised PLAYS

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 74

**The Hostage.** "... roaring extravaganza. Mr. Behan's pretext for surveying past and present Anglo-Irish relations with a laughing impartiality." Alfred Lynch, Eileen Kennally, Ann Beach, Howard Goorney (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028).

continued overleaf

**The Importance Of Being Earnest.** "... I do not remember a revival at the Old Vic that raised laughter quite so continuous and uninhibited." Fay Compton, Miles Malleson, Barbara Jefford, Judi Dench (Old Vic, WAT 7616).

**And Suddenly It's Spring.** "... lightest of light comedies ... the whole thing depends on a series of wondrous transformations." Margaret Lockwood, Yolande Donlan, Frank Lawton, John Stone (Duke of York's Theatre, TEM 5122).

## FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 75

G.R. = General release

**Expresso Bongo.** "... considerable incidental amusement ... cynical implication that a cut-throat racket puts and keeps a caterwauler's discs in the Top Ten." Cliff Richard, Laurence Harvey, Hermione Baddeley, Yolande Donlan. G.R.

**The Five Pennies.** "... Mr. Kaye as Loring 'Red' Nichols, a confident hick from Utah who comes to New York to prove he can play the 'horn' better than anybody. ..." Danny Kaye, Louis Armstrong, Sylvia Fine. G.R.

**Tommy The Toreador.** "... I am 100 per cent in favour. ... The story is an agreeable nonsense ... directed with verve." Tommy Steele, Sidney James, Janet Munro, Virgilio Texera, Bernard Cribbins. G.R.

## PANTOMIMES

**Aladdin,** Bob Monkhouse, Ronald Shiner, Doretta Morrow, Alan Wheatley. To April (Coliseum, TEM 3161).

**Humpty Dumpty,** Harry Secombe, Alfred Marks, Svetlova, Sally Smith, Gary Miller. To April (Palladium, GER 7373).

## CHILDREN'S

**Treasure Island,** Bernard Miles, John Hall, Patrick Creadon, Michael Shepley, John Ruddock, David Livesey, John Boxer. To 20 February (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656).

**Peter Pan,** Julia Lockwood, Richard Wordsworth, Patricia Garwood, Russell Thorndike. To 23 January (Scala Theatre, MUS 5731).

**Alice In Wonderland,** Delena Scott, Frankie Howerd, Binnie Hale. To 6 February (Winter Garden Theatre, HOL 8881).

**Hansel & Gretel,** Marion Studholme, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Pollak, Sheila Rex, John Hargreaves. To 20 January (Sadler's Wells Opera, TER 1672/3).

**Beauty & the Beast,** Michael Atkinson, Lesley Nunnerley, Gillian Muir, Stanley Beard. To 16 January (Arts Theatre Club, TEM 3334).

**Billy Bunter Flies East,** Gerald Campion, Bernadette Milnes, Michael Anthony. To 22 January (Victoria Palace, matinées. VIC 1317).

**Sooty's Christmas Show,** Harry Corbett & Sooty, Vic Sanderson,

Myster-e, The Terry Juveniles, The Sooty Sweethearts. To 23 January (Palace Theatre, matinées. GER 6834).

**Noddy In Toyland,** Jerry Verno, Peter Elliot, Jonathan Collins, Thelma Grayston, Tony Sympton, Richard Huggett, Robert Craig, Leslie Sarony. To 23 January (Prince's Theatre, matinées. TEM 6596).

## CIRCUS

**Bertram Mills Circus.** To 30 January (Olympia, FUL 3333).

## ICE SHOW

**Holiday On Ice—1960.** To 13 February (Empire Pool, Wembley, WEM 1234).

## BALLET

**Cinderella,** The Royal Ballet. Last two performances 16 (2.15 p.m.) & 23 January (7.30 p.m.) (Royal Opera House, cov 1066).

**The Nutcracker,** London's Festival Ballet. To 16 January (Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191).

## MUSICALS

**My Fair Lady,** Anne Rogers, Alec Clunes, James Hayter, Hugh Paddick, Zena Dare (Drury Lane, TEM 8108. Ticket-holders only. Bookings now are for April-May 1960).

**West Side Story,** Don McKay, Marlys Watters, George Chakiris, Ken le Roy (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606).

**Irma la Douce,** Elizabeth Seal, John Neville (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686/7)

**Make Me An Offer,** Daniel Massey, Dilys Laye, Martin Miller, Diana Coupland (New Theatre, TEM 3878).

**"When In Rome . . ."** Dickie Henderson, June Laverick (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611).

## REVUES

**Pieces of Eight,** Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663).

**Salad Days,** Virginia Vernon, Lloyd Pearson, Derek Holmes (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871).

**Clown Jewels,** The Crazy Gang (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317).

## HOLIDAY FILMS

**Oklahoma,** Gordon Macrae, Shirley Jones, Rod Steiger (Metropole, VIC 0208).

**South Pacific,** Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr, France Nuyen (Dominion, MUS 2176).

**South Seas Adventure,** in Cinerama. (London Casino, GER 6877).

**Royal Ballet, in Ondine, Swan Lake, The Firebird.** Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes (Columbia, REG 5414).

**Ben-Hur,** Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, Haya Harareet, Stephen Boyd (Empire, GER 1234).

**The Ten Commandments,** Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, Anne Baxter, Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, Cedric Hardwicke, Debra Paget (Plaza, WHI 8944).

HARO



## What's become of smoked sprats?

### JOHN BAKER WHITE'S GOOD-EATING GUIDE

WHY IS IT SO DIFFICULT TO GET smoked sprats in London restaurants? There are plenty of smoked trout—a disappointing fish in my opinion. Smoked herring (buckling) can be found here and there, and excellent they are, too. But the delectable smoked sprat, the best of the lot, seems to be unknown to most restaurateurs. I shall be happy to publish the name of any establishment that will promise to have them on the menu in the appropriate season.

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Casa Pepe,** 151 Fulham Road (Pelham Court) (KEN 7749). C.S. The Taberna, downstairs, full of music and song, is a good deal more gay than many restaurants in Spain. The street level restaurant is pleasant, as is the bar, but more sedate. There are some interesting dry, and very dry, sherries. But my job is to write about food. The *paella* is up to the standard of Carcoles, in the old quarter of Barcelona. The hors d'oeuvre is well above the average, so is the smoked ham. Both upstairs and down this is a genuine Spanish restaurant, with the courtesy that is an integral part of the Spanish character. There are some pleasant Spanish wines on a rather time-worn list. And I still do not like paper napkins in what is a quite expensive restaurant. W.B.

**Renards,** 87 Walton Street, S.W.3 (KEN 8526). C.S. This bright, functional coffee bar-restaurant is now open from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. All food is cooked to order, and you can watch the chef at work. Steaks and escalopes are good, so are the vegetables. Omelettes are excellent. Useful for anyone living on a budget, for you can have an adequate, well-cooked meal for 10s. or less. Unlicensed.

**Harrods. The Georgian Room.** Luncheon only. (SLO 1234.) C.S. An idea that dies hard is that people avoid the restaurants of large stores and that the food is

uninteresting anyhow. A meal in the Georgian Room is sufficient to remove this impression for good. The cooking is first-rate, as plenty have found. From a tour of the kitchens I gained an impression of top-quality products being prepared with great efficiency. The wine list is chosen from the store's own cellars—I need give it no higher praise. Next door, for those in more of a hurry, is the *A La Carte Café*. It specializes in cold dishes, but there are always some hot ones as well. The *pièce de résistance* is a large and attractive help-yourself *smörgåsbord* table. W.B.

**Andreas,** 8 Blacklands Terrace, just off the King's Road. C.S. (KEN 2919.) W.B. dinner. This is a smallish restaurant, simply furnished in the modern Greek style. The cooking is good, as is the quality of the meat and the sauces. Wines, etc., are supplied, including a reasonably priced Greek Samos.

**Chez Ciccio,** 38 Kensington Church Street. (WES 2005.) W.B. This restaurant is well known far beyond the confines of Kensington. Its menu is international and its standard of cooking consistently good. It does sometimes get a bit too full for my liking, but that is not the fault of the management.

**Gore Hotel Restaurant,** Queens Gate. (KEN 4222.) W.B. The Gore is known all over the world for its Elizabethan room. Not so well known is its pleasant and admirable restaurant serving foods of this Elizabethan age. The *pâté maison* is something special and the wine list one of the best anywhere. This does not mean that all the wines are expensive: some are extremely reasonably priced.

**Verreys,** 233 Regent Street. (REG 4495.) C.S. The name is one of the oldest in London restaurant history. It was not very good when Mr. Louis Monnickendam took it over, but today it is first-class—so much so that it is packed out at lunch-time. A number of special dishes are married to an outstanding wine list. One can eat a good four-course meal for 15s., or much more expensively if one wishes.

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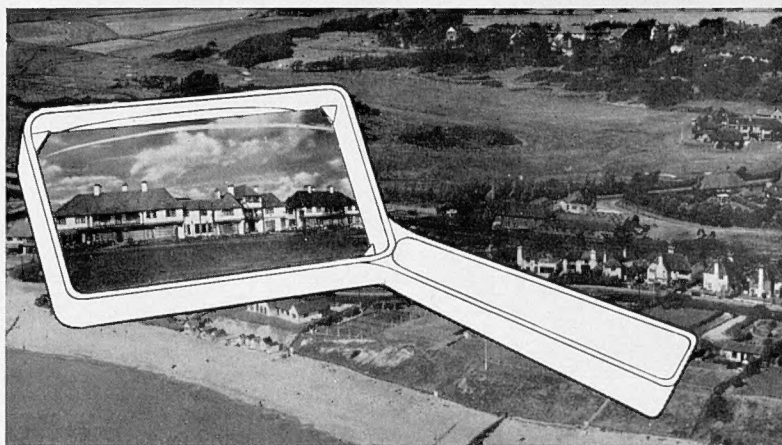
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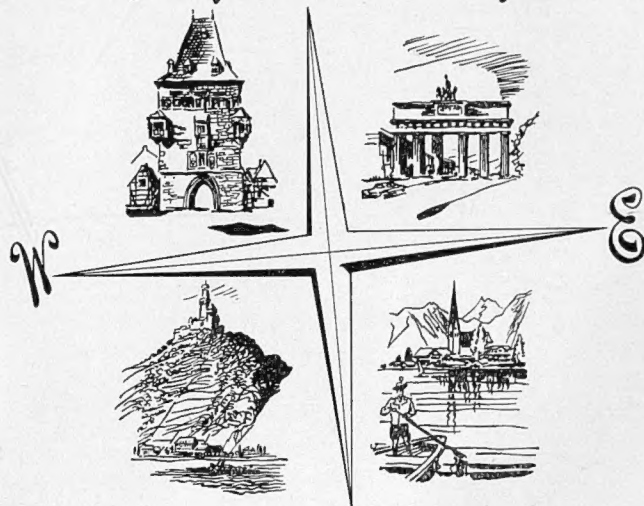
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THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
13 January 1960



## PEOPLE ON THE MOVE

*Mr. & Mrs. John Russell at their new home, The Vine Farm, Northbourne*

MURIEL BOWEN reports, with photographs by BARRY SWAEBE, some changes of address and the new furnishing touches that go with them



*Lady Davidson at her new home  
on Chiswick Mall*

PEOPLE ON  
THE MOVE  
*continued*



SO MANY PEOPLE I've met lately have talked to me about their new homes. I even found that moving house was a leading topic in Bermuda. So this week I shall write about who's moved and where to. For my money the luckiest are **Viscount & Viscountess Davidson**, who have a new home on Chiswick Mall that is certainly my dream house. Friends may have to use their gumboots sometimes to reach the front door—but only if the Thames happens to be in flood (and as Lady Davidson says: "It's no trouble to bring a pair of gumboots!"). There is one very large room with beautiful views over the Thames, and there is a walled flat roof large enough for a cocktail party or a buffet lunch.

It's an 18th-century house, greatly improved in the 1930s by **Sir Nigel Playfair** who built on additional rooms including a 50-ft. drawing-room ("our granddaughter booked it for her coming-out the moment she saw it," Lord Davidson told me). At each end is a broad bow window giving an unrestricted view of the Thames in front and of the garden with its patch of lawn and mulberry tree at the back. Outside the river-side window is an amusing feature, a

"Captain's Walk" like the stern gallery of the old sailing ships. Scarcely three feet wide, it is edged with a wrought-iron railing.

When Lady Davidson decided not to stand again for the House of Commons at the October general election she and her husband disposed of their place in Westminster and gave up their house in Hemel Hempstead, the division that they represented in the House of Commons for 40 years between them. The house in Chiswick Mall has enabled them, as Lady Davidson puts it, "to bring both ends together." It has all the charm of a country house, yet is within 20 minutes of the West End.

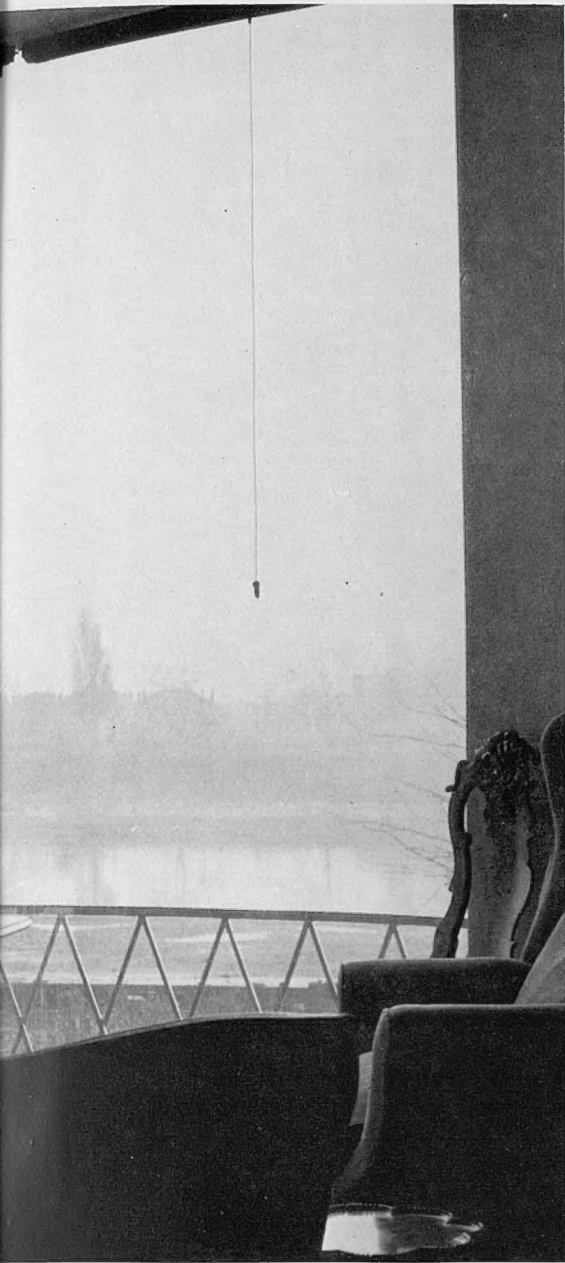
The whole house is full of mementos of two busy lives. In the hall among the sporting trophies hangs the elephant's tail which Lady Davidson always carried for luck when electioneering. It would seem to have brought her luck because in 1945 she was the only woman returned to the House of Commons on the Conservative benches.

I liked the cosy, oak-panelled study, and the dining-room in ivory white with curtains and carpet of pale green. And as for the Thames coming up to the steps every now

and then, it's not altogether disadvantageous. It leaves the garden strewn with driftwood. "I don't think anyone along here has to spend much on firewood!" Lord Davidson told me.

A lot of the moving in London is done by the people who don't usually get mentioned at all when the subject is being discussed. I mean daughters with jobs. Miss **Anne Marsh**, for instance, spends weekends at her parents' home in Stourbridge but lives during the week in her own flat in St. James's. Her front door must surely be the most imposing of any bachelor girl's: it is faced entirely in bronze and clicks shut with the snap of a jewel box. The reason for this impressive bit of security is that Miss Marsh lives over Spinks, the royal coin-makers.

Miss Marsh—tall, slim, dark and poised—is in her late twenties. Now the youngest woman member of the Westminster City Council (she topped the poll in last year's election), she used to work for a firm of Parliamentary consultants. "The one thing that made me choose the flat," she said emphatically, "was that the sitting-room was large enough for the piano. I couldn't settle



a house with latticed windows and a front door that opens straight into a lounge with a great open hearth. Most delightful room is the oak-panelled study with chocolate-brown sateen covers and red curtains and cushions. The red and the brown, which sound off-putting, are in fact warm, welcoming colours. Mrs. Russell has found shades of brown and red that contrast well, but not starkly.

Exquisite, glazed, 11th-century Persian vases were lined up on the high windowsills, and paintings were stacked by the stairs. All had yet to be put in place. According to Mrs. Russell, diplomatic furniture gets so juggled about in the shipping process that the most-wanted packing cases always arrive last.

Mrs. Russell is also looking for a flat in London as she no longer has her Queen Anne house in Chelsea. She wants "a couple of small rooms, easy to run, and a nice big ballroom."

In many ways Mrs. Russell represents the hostess of this age of jet planes and international conferences. Greek-born, slender and striking, she's an artist at making up dishes from virtually any country on the globe. It's part of her entertainment strategy of building parties round one special guest. Another asset which puts her in tune with the age is an ability to talk vitally and amusingly in several languages. She speaks English to her husband, Greek to her children (they speak English to their father), French to the chauffeur, and German to the nannie and the cook.

"Of all my diplomas," she says—she's an accomplished pianist and was a professional sculptress before she married—"the thing I'm proudest of is that I've always been able to achieve understanding with my cooks."

At Sandwich Bay, not far from Mrs. Russell, I visited Mrs. **Peter Cadbury**. In

London hers is a life of dressing up and of first nights, but at Sandwich Bay she likes to relax in well-cut slacks and gay shirts. Mrs. Cadbury is a woman of energy, especially when it comes to doing up houses. And it's just as well. Her husband—he's not only chairman of Keith Prowse but has lately won the contract for Television Westward—likes moving house. Since they married after the war they have moved from a flat in London to a 16th-century farmhouse at Chalfont St. Peter, a fine mansion at Ascot, and now this house by the sea.

Built in 1937, it is a sun trap with sides that jut out, and Mrs. Cadbury has shown rare talent in combining old furniture with gay seaside colour schemes. Best of all I liked the circular hall, which is used as a dining-room. It's got bright yellow-and-white trellised paper, a greyish-beige fitted carpet, and moss-green curtains on the French window, which leads to the sun terrace. Other attractive touches: a television set fitted into an antique commode, and the white furniture in her daughter's room hand-painted with floral sprays. "That was a lucky stroke," she says. "I heard the local bird-watcher was frightfully good at that sort of thing so I turned him loose on it."

Another country-dweller in new premises is Mrs. **Peter May**, wife of the England cricket captain. I asked her how they came to choose their new Tudor-style house at Cranleigh, Surrey. It turned out that Mrs. May herself was mainly responsible. "We must have looked at 20 houses," she told me, "but I liked this one best because of its situation and because it's near home."

Appropriately it overlooks the cricket pitch on the village green. And it has good stabling for her three horses, one of whom,

*continued overleaf*

down anywhere without that." Miss Marsh plays well enough to have a diploma of the Royal Academy of Music.

Green carpets stretch in an unbroken sweep through her sitting-room, hall-cum-dining-room, bedroom and bathroom. The carpeting, together with the pure white walls, makes an effective setting for her few but well-chosen antiques, *objets d'art*, and her piano—which comes somewhere between a baby and full-size grand. There are french windows (with wrought-iron balcony) in the sitting-room, and these are covered over, wall to wall, in red silk curtains in the evenings, giving a most appealing effect.

Out of town I visited two couples on the move, both in Kent. Mrs. **John Russell**, wife of the head of the News Department of the Foreign Office, has her first English home for ten years (after 14 years of marriage) at The Vine Farm, Northbourne. Mr. Russell's work has kept them abroad—first in America, then on the Continent, and finally in the Middle East. Now they have moved into

*Mrs. Peter Cadbury at her new home near Sandwich*





*Mrs. Peter May at her new home at Cranleigh, a Tudor house with its own stables*

#### PEOPLE ON THE MOVE *continued*

Jungle Queen, was fifth at the Badminton and Harewood Horse Trials in 1958.

Mrs. May has looked first to comfort in her furnishings, easy surroundings in which to relax after an energetic day of sport. She's got a modern kitchen to help out with her three-way life, built round cricket, horses, and her home. She's also got a very appreciative husband. "Peter always notices when the place is looking nice," she says, "especially if I've arranged some flowers."

Everything is on a more spacious scale in Bermuda, of course. Rich Canadians are buying up many of the properties there. Lord Rootes and Mr. Henry Tiarks recently sold their houses to Canadian industrialists. Mr. Tiarks's house, "Out of the Blue," had had a great deal done to the interior by Mrs. Tiarks and is a seaside gem. Mr. & Mrs. Duncan McMartin have just completed their hilltop house "Elephant's Walk," which has sea views on all sides. When I called workmen were busy hanging the elephant tusks and other trophies which the McMartins have brought back from safaris.

Also nearly ready is Mr. John E. L. Marshall's new house nearby. Dr. Thomas Hutton, well-known American gynaecologist, and his wife (she's a sister of Mr. Arthur McCashin, the Olympic horseman) have bought a site on the Mid-Ocean Club property, and they plan to start building soon. Their nearest neighbour will be Mr. Stavros Niarchos and his wife—if they've moved in by then. Mr. Niarchos bought the house a couple of years ago, but has yet to stay in it.

The Hon. Max Aitken recently bought "Idle Rocks," a small and charming pink-walled, white-roofed villa near Hamilton. It has its own deep-water quay where he can tie up *Drumbeat* if, as expected, he takes part in this year's Newport-to-Bermuda race.

#### BERMUDA ENDPiece

While talking about Bermuda, here is the rest of my news from that sunny island.

PEOPLE: It is the "off" season for the Americans, "on" for the British. Sir Humphrey & Lady de Trafford, Mr. Alec Falconer, and Sir Harold & Lady Zia

Wernher are at the Mid-Ocean Club. Capt. & Mrs. Derek Fitzgerald are due at the end of the week. They are sailing out to New York and flying on from there. Sir Harold & Lady Zia, I hear, will continue to stay at the Mid-Ocean Club when they visit Bermuda and do not intend to move into a penthouse at the Bermudiana. This is the hotel which he is rebuilding (it was burnt down two years ago). It is due to open about 22 March. A London architect and a Miami interior decorator are working to produce a building which is "modern but not modernistic."

AMENITY: At the Mid-Ocean Club—the most luxurious club in which I've ever stayed—a new development is the extension of the dining-room so that visitors will shortly be able to dine in a glassed-in part of the terrace overlooking the 18th green and the sea.

SAILING: Latest addition to the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, focal point of sailing activities in Bermuda, is the Bottoms-Up Club, a contingent of women associates. About 30 women went through an intensive eight-week course last summer and soon they will be racing. Mrs. K. Fenton Trimingham is one of the founders.

TRAFFIC SITUATION: There's still a lot of nostalgia here for the days before the war when cars were banned from the island. (They first came in with the United States Air Force during the war.) In 1946 Sir Bayard Dill and his friends in the House of Assembly tried to have them banned, but lost by two votes. "I still think I was right," said Sir Bayard, who is head of the Bermuda Trade Development Board.

Today motor-cars are restricted to one per household and visitors are not allowed to drive at all. So the most unexpected people turn up on two wheels. Sir Malcolm Sargent traversed the island a couple of months ago on what is described locally as "a motor-assisted bike." Ex-Queen Soraya of Iran, a recent visitor, tried a plain push bicycle.

#### BRIGGS by Graham





## ACADEMY PREVIEW

*of the Winter Exhibition,  
devoted to Italian art  
from private British  
collections*



*Miss Anne-Louise Stockdale,  
daughter of London's Lord  
Mayor. Top: the Italian  
Ambassador, Count Zoppi,  
and Professor Gabriele  
Baldini, Cultural Attaché*

PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL

*Mrs. Geoffrey Merton, and  
one of the Guardi paintings  
recently found in Ireland,  
now owned by her husband*

# ENTER 1960...

## THE LIFEBOAT BALL AT THE SHELBOURNE. DUBLIN



*Miss Jenny Birkin, débutante  
daughter of Sir Charles & Lady Birkin*



*Lord Ardee, the Earl  
of Meath's heir, with  
his sister, Lady  
Romaine Brabazon*

*Viscount Elveden, who spent Christ-  
mas with Lord & Lady Iveagh*



*Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall with  
the French Ambassador to Ireland*

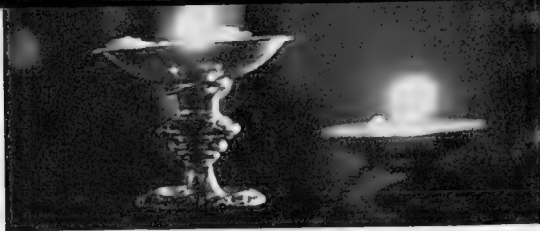


*Miss Gabriel Waddington and Lady  
Beit, wife of Sir Alfred Beit, Bt.*



*Mr. & Mrs. Christopher  
Frere Smith*

PHOTOS: CHARLES FENNELL



*Impressive array of tombola prizes*



*Mr. Thomas F. Clarke and Earl & Countess Mountbatten of Burma*

# THE LIMELIGHT BALL AT THE SAVOY



*Lady Pamela Mountbatten and her fiancé, Mr. David Hicks*



*Mr. Oliver Prenn, the tennis player, and his wife*



*3.45 a.m.: Miss Janet Illingworth tries the trampoline*



A. V. Swæbe



Desmond O'Neill

**ENJOYING** his holiday from Eton is Nepal's 14-year-old Crown Prince Birendra, seen at the Stonor Park, Oxon, home of the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor. With him is their eldest son, Thomas, who went out to Nepal to tell the Prince about Eton and is acting as his tutor-companion over here

## NEWS PORTRAITS

**CHALLENGING** for the America's Cup is a syndicate headed by Lord Cragmyle (*left*) which has just signed a £40,000 contract with Saunders-Roe Ltd. for a programme of development and research. The sum will cover full-scale tests now being made with the 12-metre yacht Norsaga which Lord Cragmyle bought in Norway last year

**HONOURED** for her work in the W.V.S. is Mrs. Elsa Dunbar who was awarded the C.B.E. in the New Year Honours List. She has been in charge of general public and overseas information services at W.V.S. headquarters in London for the past 19 years. Mrs. Dunbar, wife of Mr. George Dunbar, lives in Halkin Place, Belgravia



*'The purest and most  
utterly English  
thing we possess'*



#### THE FACE OF THE CHURCH IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

*The priest: The Rt. Rev. A. Mervyn Stockwood, Bishop of Southwark, an ecclesiastic who is fully engaged with the problems of his times.*

*The layman: Mr. John Wren Lewis, a distinguished scientist with I.C.I. and also a Christian apologist. His essay Return to the Roots is a brilliant exposition of the young scientist's position in relation to the Church*



## Henry VIII started it

A NEW LOOK AT THE CHURCH  
OF ENGLAND BY RONALD  
BLYTHE, WITH PICTURES  
BY KURT HUTTON

IT HAS BEEN DIFFICULT IN ANY AGE TO TAKE A quick look at the Church of England and discover what it means—never more difficult than it is at present. The purest and most utterly English thing we possess, the capacious receptacle which contains nearly all our best art, the focussing-point of our obsessional pageantry, at once our spiritual pride and most abused Aunt Sally, the Anglican Church is all things to all Englishmen.

Once Anglicanism is in the system, said Rose Macaulay, I think that one cannot get it out. Which is true. Otherwise why do all those hundreds of thousands of people who in this year of grace would be hard put to it to distinguish a dean from a deacon still boldly scribble *C. of E.* on any official document requiring evidence of faith? Spiritually illiterate they may be, but such Anglicanism as is left in their systems thankfully emerges on such an occasion. And not apologetically, for here is the rub. How is the new parson, a youthful Jerome struggling against the blandishments of the telly desert, to convert a generation when it replies indignantly: *'but I am C. of E.'*? And in the same astounded tone it would have used if someone had questioned the details on its birth certificate?

Anglican churchmanship comes in three sizes officially, High, Low and Broad. These, being not nearly commodious enough to contain all the kinds of Anglicanism there are, are further subdivided into many more categories. I (and it is Rose Macaulay speaking again), I, too, am high, even extreme, but somewhat lapsed, which is a

sound position, as you belong to the best section of the best branch of the Christian Church, but seldom attend its services. Though there are those who would rid the Church of its highness and most certainly of its extremeness, they will never ultimately succeed in doing so, for just as Anglicanism cannot be got out of the system, neither can all the systems which have got into Anglicanism be entirely purged.

The miracle of the English Church is its elasticity. No institution which started out with its limits being so exquisitely prescribed has eventually succeeded in holding so much. The Book of Common Prayer and the 39 Articles, the first a masterpiece and the second an enigma, are the charters of the reformed edifice, but in their wake was torrented such an ocean of devout innovation, such a cataract of prose and poetry (for Englishmen, though weak in logic, have always been handy with words) that the Church has often been in danger of becoming a ravishing literary reliquary, to be invoked in some national *extremis*. Many of its functions are barely Christian. But they are great State rallies of a superb kind in which the individual conscience is soon silenced by Handel and a matchless liturgy. On the other hand it is possible to enter some tiny ancient building tucked away in the depth of the country or down a narrow London court and come across Christianity in all its timelessness, essential simplicity and perfection. The notice board will tell one that this is *C. of E.* but a ghost from the catacombs would find much that was recognizable there.

*continued overleaf*

*'Can it accept the  
religious consequence  
of what is happening  
in the laboratory?'*

*‘Grumblers are often  
hankering for a  
departed social order  
rather than for  
new converts’*

*‘It is really a far  
better Church than  
we as a nation deserve’*

*‘Crammed to the belfry  
with anachronisms,  
yet always capable  
of finding room for  
the best thought’*

Victorian conformity, sentimentality and plain cant have done the Church much harm, though of course the Victorians were only doing to the Church what past generations of Englishmen have always done to it—adapting it to their particular convenience. A lot of middle-aged Anglicans are really hankering for a departed social order rather than for new converts when they grumble about the empty pews, though they do not do this intentionally. The Church means for them a polite tea-party of an Agape consisting of decent folk observing defined class relationships while heavily employed by cricket, bazaars, sacred embroidery, gardening and kindness. That none of these things, not even the last, is peculiarly Christian never seems to occur to them. But there it is. And this is the subfusc image of the Church against which the young people rebel.

So what now? The Welfare State has successfully completed a take-over bid for the Church's historic charities. Dr. Stopes and the Freudians between them have supplemented its moral teachings with many practical suggestions. The parson himself has drawn a poor hand in the caste reshuffle and now finds himself in a social no-man's-land. Hygiene from the women's popular press has brought more self-respect into homes than centuries of homily. And there is a new scepticism towards spiritual exclusiveness.

Gawping nightly before the sacred screen we can watch the Bantu at prayer, observe the saintliness in the face of the youthful Dalai Lama, marvel at the generosity of Milwaukee Baptists or be captivated by the beaming serenity of Pope John XXIII, and we can see that none of these people is as benighted as we believed.

Towering above every other problem, dwarfing the social revolution, is Science. And here is the true challenge. Can the Anglican Church, which has already proved its catholicity by accepting so much, accept the religious consequence of what is happening in the modern laboratory? And can those who are now busy mapping the moon, where once and not so long ago they would have been mapping Suffolk, accept the swiftly enlarging image of God which emerges from science?

These are questions that would have thrown Barchester into a turmoil, but they cannot be said to be doing this to the increasing number of new

Churchmen who are determinedly living in their own times. Such men use the press, television and the film studio as a pulpit, know that charity no longer involves soup and blankets but a humble approach to the complexities of human nature, and will not allow their conception of the Eternal to be eclipsed by the transitory bliss of an inter-planetary rocket. It is their duty and privilege, they feel, to prove to the atom age that what happened to the wine at Cana will always be more important to the happiness of the world than anything that may happen at Harwell.

People who do not understand a bit of the Anglican Church—and nobody has ever understood it *all*—often write to the Archbishop of Canterbury or *The Times*, demanding what they call a ‘lead’. They evidently have thrilling visions of a modern Luther nailing notices on the front door of Westminster Abbey, or of a Mirfield Billy Graham turning St. Paul's into a bigger and better Harringay. But the Anglican Church, like the English electorate, does not care for ‘leaders’—except during brief periods of the utmost national danger. Any clergyman who gets outsize ideas of ‘leadership’ is either invited to try them out on rough congregations or he is made a dean—in which case most of what he says will be taken with a pinch of salt, because the deaneries of England have long been the stamping-grounds of our most distinguished eccentrics.

So the brilliant, curious and affectionately guarded structure exists. Made up of 13,000 English parishes and of dioceses in almost every country in the world, it is crammed to the belfry with anachronisms, yet it has always been capable of finding room for the best thought of the travelling centuries. Its common sense and compassion have recently allowed it to make intelligent comment on the problems of divine healing, the Wolfenden Report and the tragedy of suicide. It is really a far better Church than we as a nation, in our casual acknowledgement of it, deserve. It stands now on the nuclear threshold though no great flash from the hidden future is likely to overcome its rich, familiar light.

*O Oriens, splendor lucis aeternae et sol justitiae, veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis. . .* The light of the spirit, the light that has lighted every man. . .



*‘It is possible to enter some tiny ancient building in the depth of the country and come across Christianity in all its timelessness. . .’ Here is Little Gidding, in Cambridgeshire, where Charles I went to pray in the last few days of his freedom, and where the special flavour of Anglicanism can be tasted—ritualistic, personal, private, restrained and remote.*

The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree  
Are of equal duration . . .

So, while the light fails  
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel  
History is now and in England.

—‘Little Gidding’ by T. S. Eliot



# A GUIDE TO THE MODERN NANNIE

COMPILED BY  
ELIZABETH SMART



With one in every three women working, it's no wonder—and just as well—that Nannie is still around. But how she's changed! Instead of a monument behind a green baize door she's more likely to be a beatnik from the Left Bank in tight jeans and Bardot hairstyle. Or a brisk college graduate with diploma and the latest facts on nutrition. And she takes a bit of luring: money, oven bathroom, TV, weekends off, and so on. "There are still a few old-fashioned nannies left," said Miss Nancy Martin, who runs The Nursery Nurses Appointments Bureau at 41 Sloane Street. "But so many girls from the training colleges want to be air hostesses." The nanny shortage is aggravated by foreign demand. "Our British nannies are the most sought-after in the world," said Mrs. Boucher, from her International Bureau at 28 Cadogan Place. She even supplies them for Russia. So it is the foreign girl—au pair or with a Ministry of Labour permit—who's most apt to look after baby now. Parents have to take a chance, of course, but parents can be pretty desperate people.



	OLD-FASHIONED SURVIVAL	COLLEGE-TRAINED NURSERY NURSE	STATE-REGISTERED NURSE	FOREIGN GIRLS
<i>What she's like</i>	comfortable, usually elderly, no make-up, very dedicated	apt to be young, very efficient, hygienic, often most lady-like—apt to make <i>you</i> feel inefficient and unhygienic	very efficient & highly qualified. Pleasant and not too emotional. Reassuring to have around	Swiss, Italian, German, Dutch, Scandinavian, French, Belgian, Spanish. Usually young. Italian & Spanish motherly. French well-qualified (often). Germans and Finns efficient
<i>What she'll cost</i>	£5-£6 weekly, all found. Freelance £4	£5-£6 weekly, all found	at least 10 gns. weekly	with work permit, £3-£5 weekly. <i>Au pair</i> £1 to 30s.
<i>Where to get her</i>	best to inherit or get yourself recommended by friend. Advertise in <i>The Tatler</i> , <i>Nursery World</i> , <i>The Lady</i> , <i>The Daily Telegraph</i> . Hunt the agencies, looking suitable	from agencies, i.e. Nursery Nurse's Bureau, Mrs. Boucher, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Massey, Horshams, Belgravia Agency, Hunt-Regina Agency, The Beauchamp Nursery Bureau, &c. Or an ad. with extra lure. Or catch before graduation at Norland Nurses Training College	your doctor might recommend her to you and you to her. Or from a private nursing association	from the agencies which deal with their country only. Or through Ministry of Labour on one year's permit. Girl pays fare here; you pay it back unless she gets another job here
<i>What she'll do</i>	the baby, the nursery, the mending, baby's washing, sometimes nursery meals. For big house or large family, may need nursery maid to assist	the baby, his clothes and quarters; but <i>no</i> housework or cooking	preferably a very young baby, which she'll keep immaculate. No housework, of course	almost anything, but <i>au pairs</i> have to have weekly time off for classes as well as recreation. Reckon an afternoon & evening off, and two shorter spells for lessons
<i>What she'll expect</i>	complete authority over baby. Two afternoons and evenings off. The best in baby clothes, pram, &c.	complete authority over baby. Two days off and maybe one whole weekend a month. Terms & times-off agreed	she'll tell you exactly	you to explain everything, including how to use telephone. You to be friendly and sympathetic—and handy with a dictionary
<i>What she'll wear</i>	sensible suits, sensible shoes, sensible hat, sensible coat	may have her own uniform & look super-duper	nice starchy glamorous uniform	anything from jeans to last year's ballgown
<i>What else</i>	nice work if you can get her	she's apt to get married	impressive	apt to suffer from homesickness at first, later from too much popularity. Very educational for you, anyway



# 'THE QUEEN'S HOUSE'

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is not as dull as it looks, if you forgive the functional-municipal façade and let your imagination meander back through three and a half centuries—to the time of James I, when the Spitalfields weavers complained because they were short of raw silk. The king sensibly answered: "Then let us breed silkworms." So mulberry trees were planted, to produce the leaves to feed them. If you glance at a map of London, you will see Mulberry Walk in Chelsea, and Mulberry Street in Stepney, where the trees were planted. Some of them have survived: there is a splendid old tree in Canonbury, with pigeons roosting on its branches and geraniums in flower, in season, near its roots.

The biggest mulberry orchard in London was on the site of the present Buckingham Palace, but it failed, commercially, and the land became a pleasure garden. John Evelyn, in 1654, described this as 'ye onely place of refreshment about ye towne for persons of ye best quality to be exceedingly cheated at . . .'; and Pepys, in 1668, thought it had become 'very silly', with 'but little company, and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people'.

Early in the 18th century, the Duke of Buckingham built the first mansion there—'a graceful palace—very commodious'. It became a royal residence when King George III bought it in 1761, and named it 'the Queen's House'.

From this period, one charming episode comes alive; it was in February, 1767, that Samuel Johnson was 'honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty' in the Palace. Boswell spends several pages describing the

scene. Johnson often went to the royal library to indulge his 'literary taste' and one day, when he was 'fairly engaged with a book . . . while he sat by the fire', the librarian 'stole round to the apartment where the King was' and 'mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library'. His Majesty said that 'he was at leisure, and would go to him'.

The librarian 'took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty . . . till they came to a private door in the library'. Dr. Johnson was 'still in a profound study' when the librarian whispered, "'Sir, here is the King.'" Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy'. Then followed the long conversation which Boswell set down so carefully, ending with Johnson's comment: "'Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen.'"'

With Queen Victoria, the Palace touches the fringe of our own story: it had been rebuilt in 1825, and when she moved in, in the summer of 1837, there were gayer scenes than before or since. She was 'sad and lonely' no longer: she was Queen, and she was free, so she danced through the night—all except waltzes, as it was not considered suitable for a subject to put his arm about her waist. Sometimes dawn came to the gardens before the music and the dancing ceased.

Buckingham Palace became the setting of her happiness. There, on the morning of 10 February, 1840, a crimson carpet was spread upon the steps into the courtyard. First, Prince Albert came out, after receiving

the little folded note that read, 'Send one word when you, my most dear beloved bridegroom, will be ready. Thy ever-faithful Victoria R.' She followed him; and after the wedding in St. James's Palace, they returned to begin 20 years of private trust and contentment that neither politics nor war could destroy.

In November, 1840, the old Duchess of Kent wrote from Buckingham Palace: 'Our good angel Albert remains at the side of his beloved'. On the 21st, their first child was born, and the theme of Victorian family respectability began, with the Palace as its shrine—a husband and wife who went to bed at half-past ten, and who were often at their desks before breakfast; who observed Sunday so strictly that the chessboard was put away lest it offend the Sabbatarians. The Duke of Wellington said that it was the Prince who 'insisted on spotless character, the Queen not caring a straw about it'; that he was 'extremely strait-laced and a great stickler for morality, whereas she was rather the other way'. Nevertheless, the example was set, and it has survived into our own time.

In November, 1841, the heir to the throne was born, also at Buckingham Palace, and he was followed by so many brothers and sisters that, in 1851, a new wing was added to the front, thus forcing the removal of the Marble Arch—once the proud entrance to the Palace—to its present position north of Hyde Park.

On 14 April, 1857, the birth of Princess Beatrice—the last of Queen Victoria's children—was announced from Buckingham Palace. The event is interesting for two

*continued overleaf*



HOW IT LOOKED after George IV had virtually rebuilt it. This picture, 100 years later than the other, shows it as Victoria's home

reasons. The 'favourable progress of Her Majesty since her accouchement' was reported to be 'in a large measure owing to the admirable manner in which chloroform was administered': the Queen had been kept 'under its influence' for the better part of three hours. The second interesting reason is that Princess Beatrice was the last child born to a reigning monarch of England—for more than a hundred years.

With the winter of 1861, the Palace was in darkness—it seemed forever. The Prince Consort died at Windsor and Queen Victoria shunned the capital. The big gilt rooms were under dust sheets: Londoners passing by and looking through the railings saw drawn blinds and bolted doors: the house was, as the Prince of Wales said, no more than a 'sepulchre'. It remained so for many years, and it was not until a morning in June 1897, that the Palace came to life again. Then the windows and doors were opened, and the early summer light flowed in. The old Queen sat in the garden, before she drove out to receive the compliments of the people. She wrote in her Journal, 'How well I remember this day 60 years ago, when I was called from my bed by dear Mama, to receive the news of my accession.'

Soon the ugly Palace became the hub of Edwardian society—the court that Queen Victoria had once described as not very

'nice'. But if King Edward VII enjoyed the vulgar, this made no difference to his mania for duty: it was in Buckingham Palace that he struggled from his bed, on 4 May, 1910, to receive the Premier of West Australia, protesting as he dressed: "No, I shall not give in—I shall work to the end. Of what use is it to be alive if one cannot work?" Two days later, he died.

The king's last duty was significant. In 1931, again in Buckingham Palace, King George V received the Dominion prime ministers, come to assent to the Statute of Westminster, that was to grant freedom to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, with the one enduring bond—union 'by common allegiance to the Crown'.

This phrase still clings to the Palace, despite the menaces of change. In December 1936, when the hopes of Britain and the Commonwealth had been threatened by the abdication of Edward VIII, there was a scene in the king's study that reveals this strange, deep sense of inherited duty that monarchs endure. George VI had acceded only a few days before his aunt, Princess Helena Victoria, went to his room. She said afterwards: "It was surprising to watch him; the movements of his hands at the desk—the way he touches things, and writes. It is the same as his father; you can see it in his hands."

When King George VI looked up and saw his aunt, she asked, "What are you going to do?" He answered, "I don't know. But I am going to do my best." The promise was kept.

In November 1947, Princess Elizabeth was married, and a year later the traditional untidy march of Londoners began as it soon will again; they came from the little houses across the Thames, and from the heights of North London, towards Buckingham Palace, and they waited in their thousands in the evening gloom, until a door opened and a page appeared. He spoke to the policeman on duty, who shed all pomposity as he ran to the Palace railings and shouted, "It's a prince!"

Stendhal once prophesied the day when England would 'possess nothing in all the world, save her own happiness'. The word *happiness* is interesting. My immediate thought is that intellectuals and cynics simply cannot deny that the monarchy is an important source of this 'happiness'. Is it the example of domestic contentment, woven into our history, that draws a million people to the gates of Buckingham Palace, to wait for the birth of a royal child? We shed our fears, like an unnecessary cloak, as we walk along the Mall, to look at the big ugly building, and the scarlet tunics of the sentries—at their distance now, against the Palace wall. Perhaps it is more than sentiment or curiosity that makes Londoners set out to see the door open, the page appear, and the policeman run to the railings with his news.

## 'The Queen's House'

continued

HOW IT LOOKED when George III bought it, in the second half of the 18th century. It was then called Buckingham House





## *Is there a royal face?*



1



2

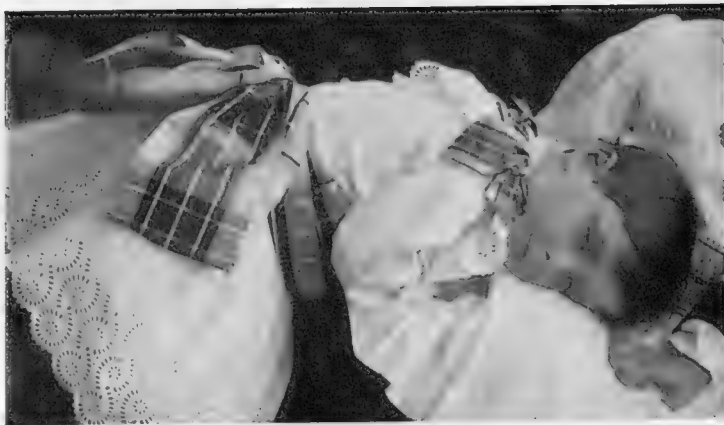


3

*No family is subjected to such a nation-wide search for mutual likenesses as the House of Windsor. But then, apart from the inevitable interest in Britain's sovereign dynasty, the search is exceptionally rewarding.*

*For the strong streak of resemblance in the features of so many members is unmistakable. How far this resemblance can be detected in infancy is another question, but the pictures on these pages may help to answer it.*

*They show living members of the Royal Family as they looked in babyhood. Any similarities with the Queen's new baby may give a clue to whom it will look like in later life. If you can't recognize any of these royal infants, turn to the key on page 61 . . .*



4



5

6



9



10



11



14



15



16

## KEY

- 1 Princess Margaret
- 2 Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria
- 3 The Queen of Spain (Queen Ena), a granddaughter of Queen Victoria
- 4 The Marquess of Carisbrooke, grandson of Queen Victoria
- 5 The Duke of Kent
- 6 The Queen
- 7 King Olaf of Norway, grandson of King Edward VII
- 8 Princess Alexandra, sister of the Duke of Kent
- 9 Princess Anne
- 10 Prince Richard (left) and Prince William, sons of the Duke of Gloucester
- 11 Lady Patricia Ramsay, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria
- 12 The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, second son of the Princess Royal
- 13 The Duke of Windsor
- 14 The Duke of Gloucester
- 15 The Duke of Edinburgh
- 16 The Princess Royal
- 17 The Prince of Wales
- 18 The Earl of Harewood, elder son of the Princess Royal



7

8

*Is there a royal face? continued*



12



13



18



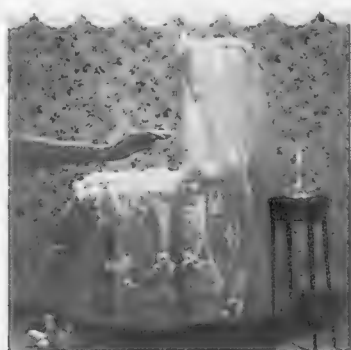
17

# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY JON WHITBOURNE

## What the modern baby needs to know

**Baby Alarm**—The "Cri-Call," made by Hi Fi Ltd., is a gift to young parents. It saves the already over-worked parent from continued late-night visits to baby to make *quite* sure that he is all right. There are two parts, a master amplifier unit and a microphone unit, both easily installed. The microphone is put in the child's room, switched on and any noise is immediately audible. The master unit can be moved from room to room.



ON THE COVER: A cot that's guaranteed to give any baby a cheerful slant on life is bedecked with ice-pink, stiff organdie with a tiny spot. Price: £41 19s. 6d. from Daniel Neal, who will also make up similar designs to order in any material

The "Cri-Call" complete costs £7 19s. from Harrods and most departmental stores and radio shops.

**Extending Cot**—Designs vary little—but one new idea recently arrived from Denmark is a cot that extends in three stages. The first, without high sides, is for a child not yet trying to sit or stand, the second is with high rung sides for active babies, the third is the gradual extension of the cot to a full-length child's bed, with no sides at all. Harrods have two designs—one is in plain wood (£15 9s.) with a 3-piece mattress (£5 8s. 6d.), the other in white painted wood with rounded corners (15 gns.) with a 3-piece mattress (£5 10s.). The second design is also at Peter Jones. Both cots are plain, good-looking and a break-away from the traditional English cot.

**Nappy Services**—Two nappy laundering services are available for Londoners. They are the Sun White Nappy Service, 3 Hythe

Road, N.W.10 (LADbroke 6456/KENSington 5603), and the Baby Ward Laundry Service, 169 Millbank, S.W.1 (VICtoria 6776). Both deliver in the central area and to some outer districts. The Sun White Nappy Service deliver daily, or three times a week (outer London districts have only three deliveries a week); this is known as their Standard Service. Prices from 16s. per week for up to 84 nappies (over this each nappy costs 2d.) for daily deliveries, or for 3-day deliveries, 2s. 10d. per day for up to 14 nappies (beyond this again 2d. per nappy). Minimum charge, 8s. 6d. per week. Nappies can be hired from them. Nappies which are the customer's own property should be carefully marked (the Nappy Service will do it for them). Deposit for either the hire or standard service is £1, covering use of their linen carrier bags; 10s. is refunded if the carrier bags are returned at termination of service. The Baby Ward Laundry Service offers similar facilities, but does not hire out nappies. Initial payment or deposit on carrier bags is the same. Fees are 2s. 10d. a call, for a maximum of 14 nappies, with an additional charge of 2d. for each extra nappy. Nappies are collected every other day. They should be marked clearly. Both services are used by hospitals.

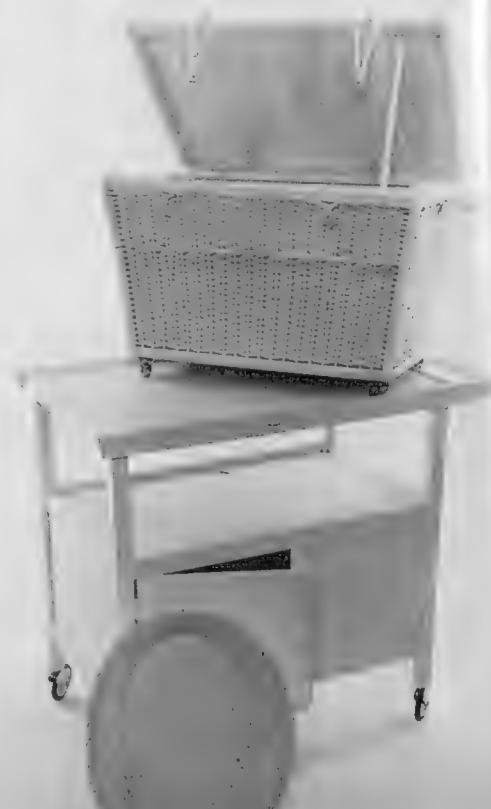
**The Chelsea Babies' Club**—only one of its kind in London—is a private welfare centre for subscribers only. It is run on exactly the same principles as the council clinics, has its own matron and doctors. When the child is born, it is enrolled as a member of the club, and is put in the care of one particular doctor, who from then onwards keeps an eye on both the mother and the child. The child's visits are made by appointment only—and the number of them depends on progress. The Baby Club can look after babies from a fortnight to five years old, but on the whole most children cease to come after two or three years. The cost of enrolling a baby for the first year is 7 gns., 5 gns. for the second and third year, and £3 10s. for the fourth and fifth year. Address: 35 Danvers Street, S.W.3.

**Hire of Baby Scales**—This is a generally accepted practice nowadays, but the warning here is "reserve your scales early." People who can help are Mellin's, 61 Lilford Road, S.E.5, and Guardian Baby Scales, 45 Holloway Road, N.7. Both will deliver in London, but they will send scales to any part of the country.



The Top & Tail, a soft, plastic covered "mattress" for changing baby on has a rim round it, and two pockets for soiled nappies. It is easily packable, price 22s. 6d. from Peter Jones. The Bonni-bottle Warmer saves endless delays in feeding. It heats up the bottle in three to four minutes, and maintains its heat thermostatically throughout the feed. In pink or blue plastic, price 57s. 6d. from most good stores, including Daniel Neal and all branches of John Lewis

New nursery trolley in painted wood (pastel colour as well as white) has a Formica top where baby can be changed and sensible cupboard room. Price: 8 gns. from Harrods. The white painted wicker hamper on castors has a removable tray inside, the lid is secured by a single long "pin." In two sizes, prices 57s. 6d. and 5 gns. The white wicker oddment basket costs 12s. 6d. Both from Peter Jones's collection of wicker nursery furniture which they will cover to order





At last a push-chair which can be opened with one hand (it folds flat nearly as easily). Comfifolda make this boon to mothers with arms full of shopping and children. It has a red and grey check canvas cover in a blue metal frame, and the back lets down. Price: £4 5s. 9d. from Daniel Neal. In the same material and by the same firm, a car seat is another "must" for children these days. This one has pliable handles which grip on to any width of seat. The whole thing folds away when necessary: £2 8s. 3d. from Daniel Neal



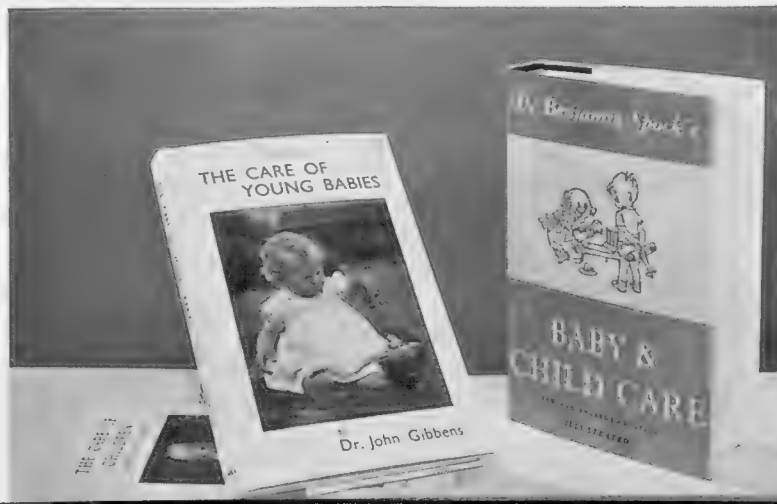
Small pram by Marmet (left), made of a brushable fabric, has a body which can be completely lifted off the chassis and used as a carrycot, while its detachable wheels and handle can be put away. Price: from 19 gns. (with a foot extension, price: £21 15s. 9d.). At Treasure Cot, Daniel Neal. Coach-built pram by the London Baby Coach, here in grey, has an apron with a storm front, and also a foot extension. Wheel sizes can be altered, an adjustable axle ensures balance. 34 gns., also from Treasure Cot, Daniel Neal



A high chair which can become a low chair and a kitchen stool, in white enamel with blue plastic seats, has a well-shaped food tray, and is easily cleaned. The chair stands on round knobs which will glide over a carpeted floor. By Enna at Treasure Cot, Daniel Neal, price: £7 19s. 6d.

Polythene bath by Ekco rests on wooden stand which can be adjusted to hold a carrycot. The bath comes in various colours, empties through its own waste hole and has a pot and pail to match. Prices: the bath £2 14s. 1d. and the stand, £1 12s. 6d. Comfortable carrycot by Pelso (the original carrycot manufacturers) is covered in padded, washable plastic in cream or pale blue with removable hood. Price: £5 14s. The stand is optional: price 24s. Everything in this picture comes from Harrods

Bringing up baby is made easier by Dr. Benjamin Spock & Dr. John Gibbens. Dr. Spock's book on Baby and Child Care first appeared in this country in 1955. Now in a new and enlarged second impression, it acts as able advisor to countless mothers. Published by the Bodley Head, price: 15s. Dr. Gibbens's two books The Care of Young Babies and The Care of Children from One to Five give straightforward advice, simply and sensibly written. Published by J. & A. Churchill, 6s. & 5s. respectively



# TOASTING TRICOT

In a bottle  
or two  
from the countries  
of origin

The knitwear boom of the '50s continues in 1960 with tricot channelling into the shops from all over Europe. *Right:* Italian contender, chic and socially conscious as the Cinzano it pairs, is a slender pale lemon jersey suit, channel-seamed and with a white cravat. The long-line suit is a Rima import (also in other pale colours), costs about 26 gns. at Simpson; McDonalds, Glasgow; Casual Clothes, Cheltenham, at the end of January. White kid hat with plaited brim is by Chez Elle at Liberty's. *Left:* Swiss flavour is provided by a leanly elegant double-knit jersey dress checked in apricot & white. It was made in the Lake Geneva region, source also of the equally clear-toned and precisely defined Swiss lakeside vintages. Dress by Swyzerli, about 23½ gns. at Woolland's; Brown Muff, Bradford; Kendal Milne, Manchester at the end of January. Rust suède hat by Chez Elle at Woolland's. Wine notes: Dôle du Valais (red), Johannisberg de Sion & La Côte (both white) at Barker's, Kensington High Street

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHAEL DUNNE



## TOASTING TRICOT

*continued*

Scotch or Scottish, take your choice. Whichever it is you can be sure that the clothes match the whisky for strength and quality in a distinctively national blend of traditional skills with modern fibre science. *Left:* The peaty tan Courtelle dress fastens with pearl buttons. *Top:* Holyrood, about 8 gns at Selfridges; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh; Kendal Milne, Manchester. *Opposite:* High fashion intervenes in the twin-set and pullover world, with this couturier designed two-piece. The dark grey jersey skirt is topped by a checked grey and white blouson, grey-banded and back-buttoning. A Ronald Paterson design for Holyrood, 7 gns. at Woolland's; Eileen Wright, Sheffield; Brown's, Chester. Coral leather pull-on hat by Chez Elle at Liberty's. Washable leather gloves by Pittards. The Vat 69 and Dimple Haig come from Block, Grey & Block, wine merchants





## TOASTING TRICOT

*continued*

Continental vogue for silk tricot soon stimulated English manufacturers to knit their own silk fashions. The signs are that they will become increasingly popular and provide yet another example of the national genius for adoption further evidenced here by the familiar bottle (gin was originally imported from Geneva). *Right:* The long-jacketed pure silk pale beige suit by Susan Small costs about 22 gns. at Galeries Lafayette; Hammonds, Hull; Vogue, Cambridge. Brown suède hat by Chez Elle at Liberty's. *Left:* A sweater from Ireland whose fisherfolk have knitted tough oiled Bainin natural coloured wool for centuries. This one, of modern vintage, is knitted in traditional stitches. Imported by Liberty's, it costs 10 gns. They also have the cream and tan heavy silk woven slacks, price: 14 gns. The Guinness comes from Block, Grey & Block





## TOASTING TRICOT *concluded*

France celebrated the close of the '50s with a vintage year for champagne, but sparkle and a sense of occasion are not confined to the vineyards: witness the navy and white three-piece by Garlaine. Synthetic Hi-Fil, which makes the blouson and faces the deep revers & cuffs, is easily washed and quick drying. Price: about 21 gns. at Lucia, Berkeley Street & Old Brompton Road; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead; Mme. Wright, Nottingham. White kid hat by Chez Elle at Harvey Nichols. Moët et Chandon from Block, Grey & Block

## BEAUTY

*On guard in winter*

BY JEAN CLELAND

**S**PECIAL SKIN CARE IS NEEDED to counter the cold weather in the dark months before spring comes round again.

Soft and smooth complexions are the result of a double guard skin routine. Immediately after cleansing, pat in a little moisture cream. This will sink into the pores, and replace the moisture that cold winds dry out. Then use a protective foundation cream, and when this has been well blended in, make up as usual.

A sensitive skin should be gently cleansed with a cleansing cream—use a special one that soothes while it cleanses. Soap and water devotees should take two precautions. Choose a creamy type of soap that is kind to the skin and keeps it supple. Massage with a good skin food before washing. This will guard against drying and keep the skin well nourished.

For the skin that chaps easily, and gets rough or flaky patches when exposed to cold winds, Coty make some preparations containing oils from the avocado pear. These oils are healing, rich in nutrient vitamins, and ideal for keeping a delicate skin in good condition. They are made in a bland skin soap and also in a *Beauty Milk*. Coty's advice is to use the soap for an oily skin and the *Beauty Milk* for a dry one.

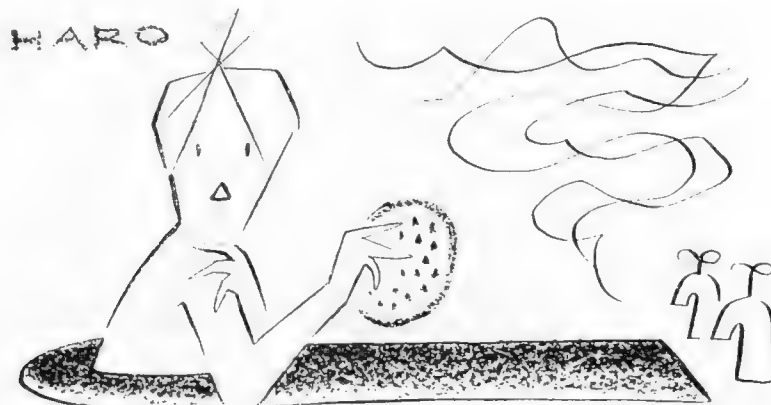
Water, especially in districts where it is hard, can have a drying effect on the body as well as the face. This is particularly true in the cold weather when winds bite and penetrate. To guard against them, use one of the lovely perfumed bath oils which keep the skin smooth and soft. For after bath-use, Guerlain make a special body cream called *Crème Hydratante*. This goes on easily and completely disappears,

leaving the skin with a satiny finish to off-set an evening dress.

One of the most healing creams is lanoline and this can be used to soften the elbows and prevent them getting dry and crepey.

Men suffer from sensitive skins, too, and among many shaving preparations there are some made expressly for this type. One of the newest, *Vitamise After Shave Lotion*, has healing properties for after-shave abrasions, and also protects against bad weather. This lotion, made by Zygmunt, is specially useful for outdoor sportsmen during the winter months.

Finally a word on hair this winter. Nestlé have incorporated lanoline into a new preparation called *Soft Spraze* which contains no lacquer. It keeps the hair tidy, can be used for setting and resetting and is ideal for the type of hair for which many of the lacquers are too drying.

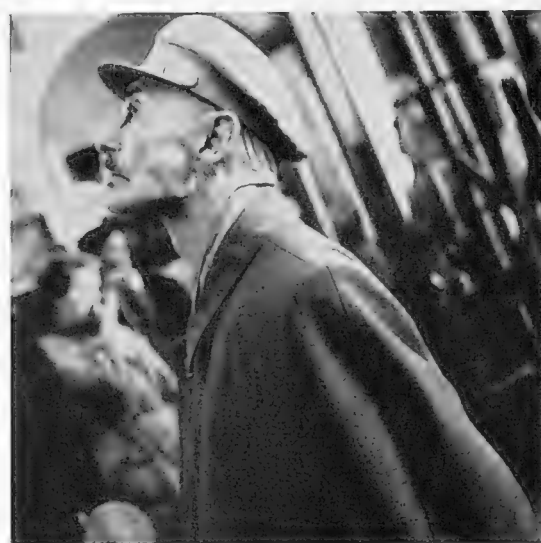


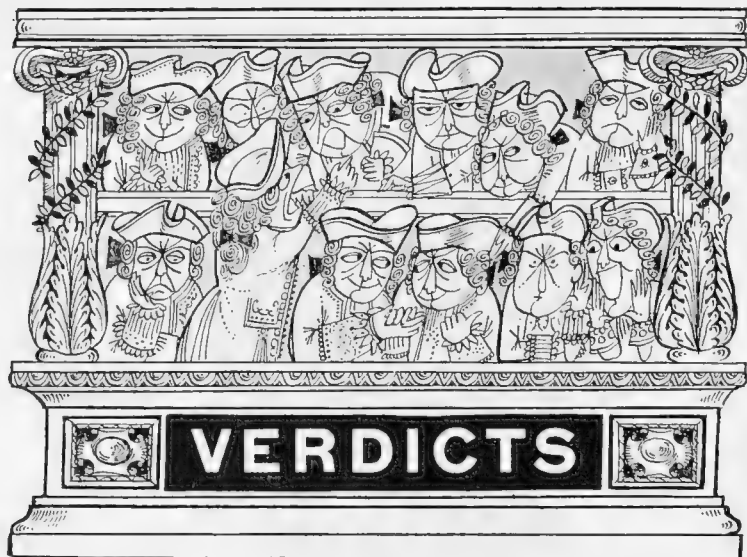


# ANTIQUES HIT MOSCOW

Photo report by IDA KAR

MOSCOW'S NEWLY-WEDS, on the hunt for some more personal touch to the decoration of a first flat than the stylized Soviet culture symbols purveyed by the city's glum department stores, make these days for the State-run antique shop in Arpad Street. So do the hard-up with some pieces to dispose of, perhaps inherited. The shop prices and sells them, takes a commission and refunds the balance. Though Tsarist Russia became the repository of much of the world's art treasures little of outstanding value comes in. When it does the piece is bought by a museum and the shop receives its commission in the usual way. Victoriana like the chandeliers and gasoliers (*opposite*) is in immense demand but the Louis XIV cabinet (*below*) priced at 7,000 roubles (about £280) will be a slow seller and would probably fetch much more over here. The tiny figurines and Chinoiserie (*right*) are also good sellers. Pictures are grouped in a roped-off section of the shop (*above, right*). Nude paintings have a special place of their own, are rarely bought by the general public but often by artists who use them to study old techniques not taught in the Soviet realist-art schools. Arpad Street, traditionally the antique centre of old Moscow, is due to come down. In three or four years new flat blocks will cover the site





*The play* **HUMPTY DUMPTY**

(Harry Secombe, Alfred Marks, Roy Castle, Gary Miller, Paddie O'Neil, Svetlova, Stephanie Voss). London Palladium.

*The films* **OUR MAN IN HAVANA**

(Alec Guinness, Noël Coward, Burl Ives, Ernie Kovacs, Ralph Richardson, Maureen O'Hara, Jo Morrow). Director Carol Reed.

**BELOVED INFIDEL**

(Deborah Kerr, Gregory Peck, Eddie Albert, Philip Ober). Director Henry King.

**WHITE WILDERNESS**

A Walt Disney "True Life Adventure."

*The books* **A BOOK OF CATS**

by Margaret Stuart (Methuen, 15s.).

**BEST MOTORING STORIES**

Edited by John Welcome (Faber & Faber, 15s.).

**GOLD**

by Dr. C. H. V. Sutherland (Thames & Hudson, 35s.).

**CHILDREN IN THE CLOSE**

by Geraldine Symons (Batsford, 18s.).

**ZAZIE DANS LE METRO**

by Raymond Queneau (Gallimard).

*The records* **J. J. IN PERSON** by J. J. Johnson

**JOE JONES TRIO**

**VENUTI-LANG ALL-STARS**



## Personality makes this panto tick

THE CHARM OF A GOOD PANTOMIME is simplicity, the kind that adults and children alike can accept without any sense of strain. It is this quality that Mr. Robert Nesbitt produces to perfection in his *Humpty Dumpty* at the Palladium. This quality is by no means easy to produce. It has nothing to do with the wildness of the funny men's horseplay: Mr. Nesbitt keeps most of the fooling within bounds. But it has a great deal to do with personality, and the elusive quality that binds adults and children into a single audience honestly enjoying the same things at the Palladium is, I believe, the personality of Mr. Harry Secombe.

He is just the sort of odd jovial creature to have come floundering out of an egg into a world which he cannot hope to understand. He certainly cannot understand why nobody should really like his alien egg-ish sense of fun; and Mr. Secombe knows exactly how to turn Humpty's bewilderment at the tricks that are played on him into a pettishness which verges on the pathetic.

When Mother Goose takes pity on someone of her own kind subtly at odds with humans the foolish creature misuses his magic gift first to estrange the heroine from her lover, which is a crime, and then to blow the castle of court cards sky high, which is a dreadful blunder. Mr. Secombe makes it clear to the whole house that there is more to pity than to blame in this regrettable conduct. He presents Humpty as a child rather engagingly failing in a difficult situation to distinguish nicely between right and wrong.

In short, Mr. Secombe does what he likes with us, and if perchance we dream of this particular pantomime we may be sure that the comedian's generously curving mouth and saucer-like eyes (such as might be pencilled on an upturned egg) will dominate the dream and appear to

us as the authentic spirit of panto.

Mr. Nesbitt was lucky to find the perfect comedian for the title rôle, but the rest of his casting is nearly as good. Mr. David Davenport is magnificent as the green-faced, whip-cracking ogre's henchman. Miss Stephanie Voss makes a decided hit as the contrarious heroine who doesn't know her own mind from one minute to the next and yet sings some agreeable little duets with the flaxen-haired pop singer Mr. Gary Miller, a Principal Boy to reconcile us as far as may be to the disappearance (perhaps for ever) of the long line of thigh-slapping Principal Boys of manifestly feminine gender.

Mr. Alfred Marks is a slightly sardonic and consistently deceitful King of Hearts and his queen is Miss Paddie O'Neill, who for all the restraint she puts on herself for the general good, looks as if she could at any moment become a Principal Boy of the prime. And in Mr. Roy Castle there is a Simple Simon who unexpectedly introduces a quite brilliant turn of wordless clowning.

Mr. Nesbitt has not only the credit of choosing his cast so happily but also the credit of making the most of their talents. He sets the story firmly in the land of Nursery Rhyme and keeps all the familiar figures to the fore. He realizes that if adults and children are to be held by a simple, common interest, the heroes and the heroines of the nursery are the little people to do the job, and they are always about their business.

He has wisely reduced the slapstick routines to a minimum. But he has not forgotten to be lavish, and when the proper time comes for the stage to extend itself to the uttermost he gives us a pageant of the four seasons with a wondrous snowfall and the antlered spirits of frost prelude the entry aloft of Father Christmas's sledge drawn by reindeer on its way to the chimneys of London. A splendidly simple sight and one symbolizing a splendidly simple pantomime.

HARRY SECOMBE, as *Humpty Dumpty*, coyly entertains the friendly advances of Stephanie Voss in the Palladium pantomime. Right: Marina Svetlova, prima ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, with a guard of honour of glamorous halberdiers. It is the first time she has appeared in pantomime



## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### The salesman is the vacuum

I DON'T THINK ONE CAN ALTOGETHER blame Sir Alec Guinness for his failure to make the title rôle in *Our Man In Havana* pleasurable memorable. I have not read Mr. Graham Greene's novel on which Sir Carol Reed's film is based but it seems to me that the character of Mr. Wormold, allotted to Sir Alec, must have been, from the beginning, inconsistent—not of a piece.

It has been said of Mr. Greene that "he keeps one eye on his immortal soul and the other on the *Financial Times*"—an ocular exercise that surely makes it difficult for him to see anybody or anything in the round, or even straight—so it could well be his fault, rather than Sir Alec's, that Mr. Wormold looks so unreal on the screen. A kindly innocent at the outset of the film, a good and harmless soul, he later turns assassin—and there is something unbelievably cynical about the way in which he finally and quite happily profits from the folly of his employers though he has three deaths on his conscience. But there—we're at the end before we've got to the beginning.

Mr. Wormold, a vacuum-cleaner salesman in Havana, needs money to give his treasured daughter, Miss Jo Morrow, the luxuries he feels are her due. Along comes, through the midday sun, hatted, umbrella-ed and escorted by invisible mad dogs, an Englishman (the inimitable Mr. Noël Coward) who persuades him into the British

Secret Service. It can be a lucrative job if only Mr. Wormold knows how to work it—but he hasn't a clue. His old friend and confidant, the German doctor Hasselbacher, advises him: news can be invented, imaginary subsidiary agents appointed (and their salaries collected)—and everybody, including Mr. Wormold's bank manager, will be happy.

Mr. Wormold plunges into a world of make-believe—and passes on to London sensational and fictitious information, collected by imaginary lesser agents. London is delighted—willingly pays for him to join the exclusive Country Club (entrance fee £500) and gives him every encouragement, including a pretty secretary (Miss Maureen O'Hara) and a radio operator, to extend his activities.

These do not escape the attention of Havana's dreaded chief of police, Captain Segura (Mr. Ernie Kovacs), who takes them seriously. How seriously becomes apparent when an airline pilot called Montez (a character Mr. Wormold thought was a figment of his own imagination) is brutally murdered—and when poor Dr. Hasselbacher is blackmailed into spying on Mr. Wormold, intercepting and decoding his reports. Mr. Wormold is bitterly distressed—and, on learning that an attempt is to be made on his own life, thoroughly alarmed, too. Warned by Mr. Coward that he is to be poisoned at a business luncheon, he receives a second warning from

Hasselbacher—who is promptly bumped off for interfering. Mr. Wormold, suddenly grown cold and lethal, spots the agent whom "the other side" (whoever *they* are) have appointed as his murderer, and, without a pang, eliminates him.

Captain Segura, nettled that Mr. Wormold refuses to co-operate with him or to let him marry his daughter, has him deported. Mr. Wormold returns to London to face the music. As the dear old Secret Service has been made a complete fool of but can in no circumstances admit it, the music is necessarily muted—falling pleasantly on the apparently unrepentant ear of Mr. Wormold, who drifts blandly out of all his difficulties with a new appointment and an O.B.E.

The film is full of delightful flashes of wit and irony, Mr. Coward, who plays the cloak-and-dagger game with gusto and a poker face, is a complete joy—and the performances of Mr. Kovacs, Mr. Ives, Sir Ralph Richardson as the wonderfully gullible Secret Service chief, and M. Gregoire Aslan as a baffled and irate Cuban are all excellent. For this reason I enjoyed the film—and if Sir Alec seems a trifle off-key, well, I dare say any other actor would, too, in the same part.

While there is a good deal of drama in *Beloved Infidel*, there is, at the same time, a good deal of sweetness and light and one can't help wondering whether the real facts of the romance (I suppose one would call it) between the British-born Hollywood columnist, Sheilah Graham, and the American novelist, the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, have not been glossed over.

The film goes so far as to suggest that Miss Graham was not popular with the Hollywood acting profession (one actress says, "How can such a pretty girl be such a bitch") but since she is played here by Miss Deborah Kerr she emerges as really a dear girl at heart. Born in a slum, reared in an orphanage, she admittedly lied her way to the top—

with fanciful stories of her connections in the highest London society, her presentation at Court, a titled fiancé and so on—but that, you're made to feel, was pardonable. After all, once "arrived," she was apparently willing to devote her life to saving Scott Fitzgerald from self-destruction.

Though Mr. Gregory Peck, acting rather more forcibly than usual as the novelist, is seen hitting the bottle and flying into insensate and murderous rages, he shows none of the ravages of chronic alcoholism. I imagine it must all have been considerably more squalid and that Miss Graham must have had a harder time than here appears (and been tougher than Miss Kerr to take it)—but the well-made, colourful film is worth a visit, anyway.

Mr. Walt Disney's intrepid and expert camera-men explored the frozen north in *White Wilderness* and offer you enthralling studies of polar bear cubs at play, lemmings madly migrating, the fierce and wily wolverine at work, wary wolves on the prowl, and so on. Children will love it. I did, too.



CUBAN SERENADE: Far from the moral support of *Whitehall*, the Secret Service chief (Noël Coward) keeps his nerve admirably in face of his reception by local musicians, reflecting good-natured derision, in Carol Reed's *Our Man In Havana*

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CLEANSE with LANCÔME COLD CREAM

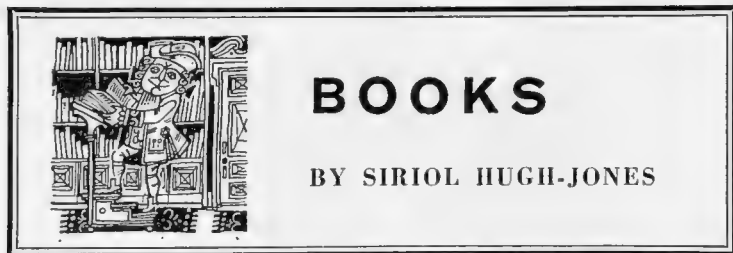
SOOTHE with Cooling TONIC BLUE

REMEDY with Stimulating JUVENALE

CAMOUFLAGE during treatment with special MAKE-UP

# LANCÔME





## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### Mousers that made history

I LIKE CATS WELL ENOUGH, especially the skinny, neatly tailored kind with long-nosed, severe faces and great big horrible voices; but cat-writing, with its obsequious ecstasies about these tyrannical darlings and their capricious little ways, often makes me feel lugubrious and thoroughly dispirited. Even Colette herself fills me with a joyless unease when she moves into that hot-house purr about her close cat-companions. So I was not unamazed to find I enormously enjoyed *A Book of Cats*, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart—who some time ago, you remember, wrote that adorable book *Dearest Bess*. This cat book is scholarly in a cheerful sort of way, affectionate, and entirely unmaudlin. (I also like it

for being dedicated to a cat by the sensible forthright name of William.)

It is about cats in legends, paintings, history and literature, witches' cats, Celtic cats, some splendid Augustan and Regency cats, Pre-Raphaelite cats, cats called Louisa, Hodge, Selima and Gib Hunter, the cat embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots in captivity, the cat that shared Montaigne's tower and the cat that devotedly licked away Florence Nightingale's tears. It's a nice sprightly mixture, full of surprises, loving but not slavish.

The motor car has not been with us quite long enough to earn itself a place in legend, history, literature &c., but no one can say it's not doing its best. The introduction to

*Best Motoring Stories*, which is edited by John Welcome, quotes Mr. Cyril Connolly as saying that men love cars next to their women and children, which I think is a nice, generous and optimistic point of view. This book includes some sharp car-writing by Kipling, Waugh, Balchin, Sapper (a weird and marvellous piece called *The Other Side of the Wall*), and of course there is James Bond in the Bentley doing a racing change round the island in the Mall, and all the rest of it, in mad pursuit of the wicked white Mercedes that holds Gala, tied at wrist and ankle, and horrid Sir Hugo Drax the demon driver. For nervous pedestrians like myself, this is no book to read late at night.

*Gold* is a beautifully made book in a handsome shining jacket, with a marvellous theme—the history of gold. The author is Dr. C. H. V. Sutherland, who has a job with a delicious name—Keeper of Coins at the Ashmolean Museum. The text is impressively informative, even if it does not exactly win your heart with sheer charm of style. And the illustrations are stunning.

Anyone who has ever felt a terrible frustrated urge to live in the Cathedral Close of Salisbury—which must surely be everyone who has passed by this fantastic and flawless place—should read *Children in the Close*, by Geraldine

Symons. This is an agreeable, unpretentious and gentle book about domestic life in the Close of 50 years ago, with Nanny and oil lamps and food carried up on trays from the basement kitchen to the nursery on the top floor. The author was one of four sisters, and enjoyed her sheltered, safely rooted childhood. The house in the Close is still there, now partly a day-school, partly flats.

A new and now famous girl-child has emerged to join the growing army of terrible tots—Eloise, Lolita and their sisters: *Zazie dans le M'tro*, by Raymond Queneau, written in slangy French with crafty, precise phonetic spelling, is apparently by now a well-established success in France, and is being filmed. (A translation called *Zazie or the Sex of Angels* is I gather on its way, though it is hard to see how anyone can get round that spelling and leave the wit intact.) *Zazie* is a serious, talkative, deeply disabused and determined child who is shown around Paris by her uncle Gabriel, likes to wear bloudjinnzes, is colossally bored by Napoleon's Tomb and lives to see the Métro. She never, of course, does. The point of this light, rapid and agreeably wild book is the style, and *Zazie's* personality and bizarre language.



## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

### Have trumpet—will excite!

THERE HAS SELDOM BEEN ANYTHING about the trumpet playing of John Birks Gillespie—otherwise known as Dizzy—that was not exciting. Occasionally, in his earlier days, he dispensed such a welter of notes that even his staunchest supporters had to admit that he was showing off a bit! Now that a gradual taming process has taken effect, his work is both convincing evidence of his ability to produce high class jazz, and at the same time certain proof that maturity can have a beneficial effect on a strikingly individual style.

Dizzy's album (CLP 1318), which I listed baldly a few weeks ago, features him in front of a four-piece rhythm

section, notable for the interesting but dry piano work of Junior Mance, who appeared with him on his last visit to England. You will find the usual quota of Dizzy's wit, an unshakable command of his instrument, an abundance of swing. But above all there is the new-found lyricism which he displays to such effect in some of these tracks. Only one flight of boppish fancy emerges—"Woodyn' you," in which he soars with open horn above his accompanists like a professional nanny leading a petulant brood of children across a busy road. This showing puts Gillespie back in the top flight of trumpeters, where he belongs.

Twelve years with Bill Basie never did any jazzman harm. Such was the lot of drummer Jo Jones, whose name seldom appears on the label, but whose work in some of the greatest rhythm sections ever to play has not gone unnoticed. He leads his own trio in *Top Rank's* latest album (35/039), heading the brothers Ray and Tom Bryant on piano and bass respectively. This lively crew shows that horns are not essential for the makeup of that essential swinging sound.

Ray Bryant, who impressed me so much by his sheer ability to make a band swing and by his versatility in style when I heard him at Newport last year, is the mainstay of this session, which also provides a lesson in tasteful drumming.

If Gillespie and Jones are taken as yardsticks by which to judge contemporary work on their instruments, then J. J. Johnson must be the man of the day when it comes to the trombone. As a master of phrasing I know no equal. His quintet (STFL512) boasts no reed instruments, comprising three rhythm ones and the mildly acid tone of Nat Adderly's cornet. The two brass horns are brilliantly complementary, especially in their

up-tempo version of "What is this thing called love." Johnson's fast-roving work on this piece justifies his poll-topping position, long held by that rugged Texan trombonist Jack Teagarden.

"Big T," as Teagarden has long been known, joins forces with Benny Goodman and a famous pair of early Chicago rhythm-makers, Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang, on four classic tracks (OE9468) recorded in 1931. I treasured their music from my earliest knowledge of jazz for the way in which the band could suddenly take off and swing. It was rare for a white band to reach such musical heights in those days, and I would still cite this band and these actual examples as outstanding of their period.

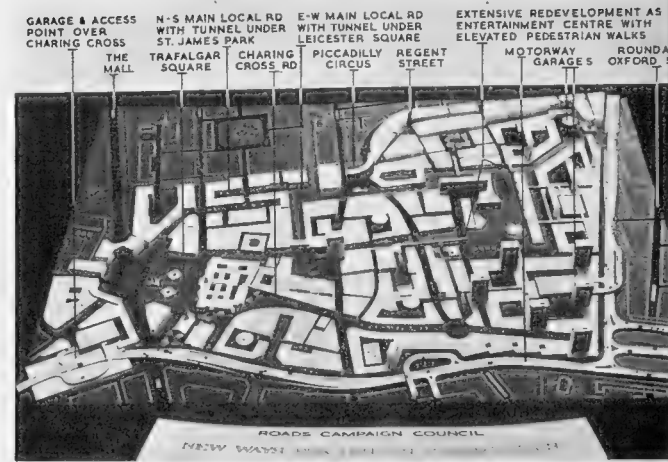
To a lesser extent the same remarks apply to Red Nichols and his *Five Pennies*, whose 1926-30 music is revived by Brunswick on a well-recorded LP (LAT8307). A glance at the people who make up the innumerable variations of the *Five Pennies* reads like a directory of hot musicians. Most of the music is of matching quality, representing a golden era in New York's chequered career as a leading centre of jazz.

## MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

## The go-slow Sixties

*Polish-born Mr. W. K. Smigielski's plan for West End motorways, parking sites and pedestrian precincts won the £1,000 second prize in the Roads Campaign Council's New Ways For London contest*



**Gough—Temple-Richards:** *Lucy, daughter of the Archbishop of Sydney and the Hon. Mrs. Gough, married Harold Mervyn, son of Brig. & Mrs. Temple-Richards, of Fakenham, Norfolk, at St. Margaret's, Westminster*

## WEDDINGS

"I HAVE BREAKFASTED IN LONDON one morning and dined in Monte Carlo the following evening—a 900-mile run full of interest and excitement. Luncheon has seen me in Bordeaux after leaving Paris the same morning and I have accomplished a 350-mile jaunt before midday. . . .

"There is one place, however, which does not appeal to me as a driving ground and that place is our great and wonderful London . . . except to the very hardened it is trying to the nerves."

The author: Charles Jarrott. The date: 1906.

As we enter the 1960s, one can only agree with him about London. And how many ever get to the Riviera any faster today, even with air transport to speed the Channel crossing? Jarrott, with his racing driver's skill and a good car, could get along as fast as most of us today. The difference is that such performances have now been brought within reach of many more people. Maximum performance may not have increased much but the cheapest baby car can work wonders.

On Christmas Eve, business detained me in Switzerland until after lunch, Christmas day's lunch was across the Channel, more than 600 miles away, and I was driving a Miniminor. It was a few minutes before 3 p.m. when I crossed the frontier into France. That morning I had driven in snow and fog. The weather now turned to torrential rain, but by midnight I was on the Dunkirk ferry 436 miles away. I joined my Christmas party for breakfast, not lunch, with nearly 750 miles on the clock since the previous morning's breakfast.

But I fear we shall look back on the '50s as marking the beginning of the decline in personal mobility in the West. On any normal weekday

the English part of my journey would have taken at least 1½ hours longer, and soon even the Miniminor will be too fast for France. Those fine Routes Nationales which we so admired as the epitome of motoring freedom in the '20s and '30s, are now so overloaded that M. Buron, the Minister of Works, has adopted the politician's standard answer to traffic problems and proposes to impose a speed limit of 56 m.p.h. on them all at weekends next summer.

Many will say that 56 m.p.h. is fast enough, but it does not work out that way. It means you cannot safely overtake trucks travelling at 40-45 m.p.h., so traffic moves along in columns behind heavy trucks and trails behind them at walking pace up steep hills where double lines prevent overtaking, while everyone is poisoned and nauseated by diesel fumes. That is the new picture of holiday motoring in France. I experienced one day of it during a weekend last year and I want no more.

The rot is spreading to Germany too. The first 62 m.p.h. speed limit is in force on the Frankfurt-Heidelberg autobahn, it is feared there may be more. People who study traffic problems from club armchairs and first-class railway carriages applaud it, but the reality is horrifying. You get stuck behind two heavy trucks. One is doing 59 m.p.h., and the other, with an accurate speedometer, swings out to pass him at 62 m.p.h. For miles these two monsters with their swaying trailers race along side by side. You cannot pass them and you cannot drop back, for behind and often alongside are more trucks. You are boxed in and if anything happens you will be crushed to pulp between trucks which cannot stop. They are called accordion or conveyor-belt accidents which may involve a dozen or more vehicles, and are characteristic of busy roads with speed limits, in Europe or America.

And what do the '60s hold in store for us at home? I live 85 miles from London and during the late '40s and early '50s I could drive up in the

morning, do a day's work, and drive back in a couple of hours after dinner or a theatre. It is no longer worth the trip, for the delays getting into London and in getting about once arrived there means there is not enough working time left to justify the journey.

When I am stuck in a jam about halfway there, a poster mocks me with the inscription "You could have been there hours ago by train." There is some truth in it. But at night, unless I am away from London by 6.30, my journey home by train takes from four to five hours and costs me much sleep.

Last year I drew attention to the waste of time caused by keeping the traffic lights in operation all night, instead of substituting a flashing amber after midnight as they do on the Continent. Soon afterwards, a question was asked in Parliament. Mr. Watkinson, then Minister of Transport, blandly replied that as most of our traffic lights are vehicle-operated, the question did not arise. Any driver knows better.

Here is my log for a dawn drive across London on Christmas day.

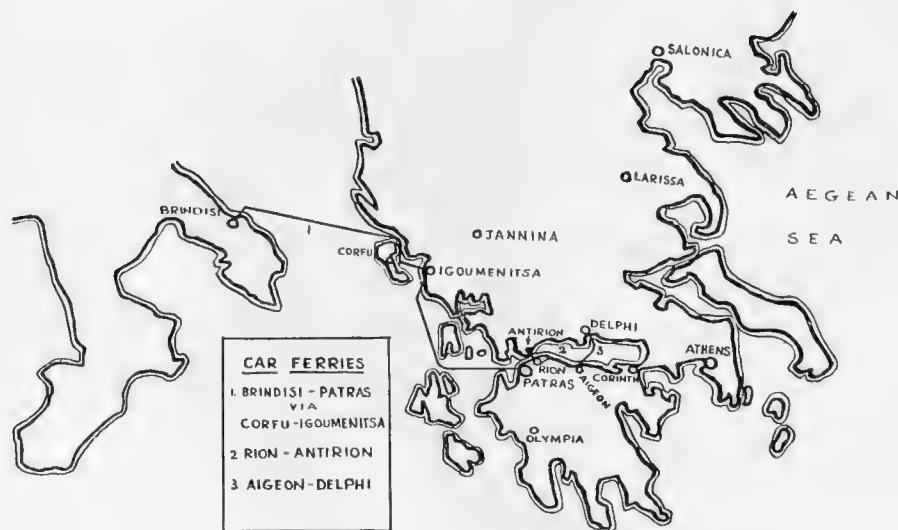
Unnecessary stops at traffic lights, 19; time lost, 9 min. 29 sec.; unnecessary gear changes, 60.

The last figure allows for the fact that with a four-speed gearbox one would change down to third as a precaution at about three-quarters of the junctions if a flashing amber light were operating. I am aware that with petrol tax at 2s. 6d. a gallon the government has a vested interest in causing unnecessary stops and gear changes but the consequence can be dangerous.

Unnecessary stops mock the discipline of British drivers. In other countries the drivers would simply ignore the lights. And the British would not be human if they did not occasionally speed to make up the time lost, jump the amber, or put on speed to "beat the red." Good road laws command respect when they are seen to be necessary. Mr. Marples has a reputation as an enthusiastic exponent of time and motion study. Here is a great waste which he could easily prevent.

**Birley—Rees:** *Julia, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Birley, of Eton College, Windsor, married Brian, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Rees, of Ashbrook Road, Sunderland, in the Chapel of Eton College*

**James—Loe:** *Joanna, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. B. James, of Lincombe Drive, Torquay, married Capt. James Loe, Wiltshire Regiment, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Loe, of Havant, at St. Mark's, Torquay*



PASSPORT by DOONE BEAL

## Greece by car ferry

THE INCREASING NUMBER OF PEOPLE who plan to visit Greece this year will be interested in the news that, as from 8 July, you can take your car there. A ferry to be operated jointly by Hellenic Mediterranean Lines and the Adriatic Steamship Company will bridge Brindisi and Corfu, northernmost of the Greek islands. The new ship, *Egnatia*, has cabins, reclining aircraft-type seats, restaurant, swimming pool, and duty-free shopping. She will make the crossing from the Italian mainland in seven hours, which, as they say in the travel trade, will "open up" Greece to motorists who would have found the overland trip from the U.K. too formidable to contemplate.

There are some places where a car is unimportant, and others where it can act as a catalyst to one's pleasure. This is true of Corfu, where only by car can one reach the best of the beaches, and also explore the interior of this most lush and ravishing of islands. I'd recommend spending at least three or four days there before making any of the next three moves.

The first is to proceed by ferry from Corfu to Igoumenitsa, at the nearest point on the Greek mainland, which is an hour's crossing. At Igoumenitsa itself, a motel has been built to house some of the ferry traffic. The main road continues to Jannina (several places to stay here), and over the mountains to Larissa, where it joins the new main highway linking Athens with Salonica.

The second alternative is to

continue in the ferry from Corfu to Patras, on the northern shores of Peloponnesus, from which a side trip to Olympia is within easy reach along the west coast. The northern coast road runs from Patras to Athens via Corinth (about four hours' motoring direct from point to point).

The third suggestion is to use the car ferry between Aigeon and Delphi, and spend a couple of days in Delphi on the way to Athens. Indeed, it is only by staying in the village and using a car that one can contrive to see Delphi between the batches of coach loads, and take in some of its varied and extraordinary majesty. And also to see, unharried if uninstructed, the superb 11th-century monastery at Ossiass Lucas, which is just off the main road between Delphi and Athens. And from Athens itself, one of the best drives is along the magnificent new coast road to Cape Sunion.

Any of these routes—or a combination of all three—offers a varied and fascinating trip, and means of seeing, at one's leisure, not only the ancient sites of Greece but also the splendid rabble of its *tavernas* and contemporary village life in a true perspective. In my opinion, to see one without the other, whether in the name of education or not, is to miss the point.

Practically speaking, the roads are good. The only doubtful bit, that between Jannina and Larissa, over the mountain pass, is being improved. You can expect to find filling stations at least every 50

kilometres, and often far more frequently, as the oil companies are setting up stations. One need never lack food, drink or indeed company in the *tavernas* with which the countryside is peppered. Cost is reasonable: the car ferry Brindisi/Corfu/Igoumenitsa starts at around £6, passengers about £3, the single fare. From Brindisi to Patras, similar rates are £8 for the car, and £5 for each passenger, children (3-12) half price.

Though I have never been to Sicily, I gather from what I hear that this, too, is a place where a car of one's own could be rewarding. News to me, at any rate, is the ferry which runs from San Giovanni, in Calabria, across to Messina. Car freight is from £2.

Anyone touring this far afield might well want to telescope the initial part of the journey. It is worth taking the car from Dover to Ostend and then putting it on the train to Milan (the new Autostrade del Sole leads from Milan to Brindisi via Naples). This Ostend/Milan service is twice weekly, the train leaves Ostend at 5.30 in the evening and arrives in Milan at 10.10 the following morning, costing from £18 7s. 6d. for the car. Similarly, one can also take the car by train from Ostend to Munich, from Boulogne to Lyons and from Paris to Avignon. British Railways have just opened a special bureau, in conjunction with French Railways, the R.A.C. and the A.A., to handle the increasing number of ferry bookings and inquiries. Write to them at 52 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1, or telephone SLO 3440.



Lenare

Miss Anne Shakespeare to Mr. Patrick Turner. She is the daughter of Dr. & Mr. W. G. Shakespeare, of West Malvern. He is the son of the late Capt. E. L. Turner, an of Mrs. S. E. Kirkland, of Beaminster, Dorset.



Madame Yevonde

Miss Susan Swain to Mr. James Hare. She is the daughter of Mr. P. F. Swain, Prestbury House, Hampton Court, and Mrs. Swain of Harrogate. He is the son of Mr. Mrs. J. W. Hare, Thorner, near Leeds.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Davina Bowes-Lyon to Viscount Dairymple. She is the daughter of the Hon. Sir David & Lady Bowes-Lyon, St. Paul's Walden Bury, Hitchin, Herts. He is the eldest son of the Earl & Countess of Stair, Lochinch Castle, Stranraer, Wigtownshire



Madame Yevonde

Miss Mary Ann Campbell-Preston to Mr. A. L. Campbell, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. P. Campbell-Preston, of Taynult, Argyllshire. He is the son of Brig. Lorne Campbell, M.C., of Chesham Bois, Buckinghamshire, and the late Mrs. Campbell



Vandyk



DINING IN by HELEN BURKE

Mme. Simone Prunier—a jubilee in St. James's

## Dish for a jubilee

NEXT MONDAY, MADAME PRUNIER will celebrate the silver jubilee of her Maison Prunier in St. James's Street with a party for 750 guests.

I was present at the opening of the restaurant, 25 years ago, and well remember my first meeting with the slim young Frenchwoman who had invaded the heart of West End clubland to set up the London version of the famous establishments in Paris.

I asked Madame what she and M. Marcel Muller, her chef, would produce for the silver jubilee meal. "We could not do anything about sole or salmon or lobster, or even scallops," she told me "because all these have been glorified over and over again."

So among the wonderful display of Maison Prunier specialties, the starred dish for this occasion will be sea bass—*Bar Silver Jubilee*. Just as Madame raised the so-called humble herring to something of a gourmet's delight, so she will feature sea bass, which is another somewhat neglected fish in this country. In France, however, *Bar de Mer* and the *Loup* of the Mediterranean which (in spite of reports) are the same fish, are very expensive. Our sea bass, she believes, is the finest of them all.

Here, published for the first time, is the recipe for the "starred" dish:

Take a 4-lb. sea bass. Make an incision along the back and remove the bones. Clean out the fish, leaving the stomach side intact. Season the inside with pepper and salt then fill the fish with a mouseline forcemeat consisting of 14 oz. finely-pounded flesh of whiting,

2 egg whites, 8 oz. double cream, 8 oz. *duxelles* (very finely-chopped mushrooms and shallots) and 8 oz. Patna rice, previously boiled in salted water for 10 minutes. Close up the bass, shaping it into its original form, wrap it in well-buttered greaseproof paper and poach it for 40 minutes in good fish stock to which has been added dry white wine.

When cooked, drain and remove the skin while it is still warm. Leave the fish to become cold. Place it on a serving dish, surround it with shelled prawns and cover it with a jelly made from the clarified cooking liquor and 4 leaves of gelatine.

Serve separately a mayonnaise sauce strongly flavoured with reduced tomato purée, with the addition of finely-diced pimento.

\* \* \*

For me, mussels are wonderful shellfish. They produce perfect stock in which they can be served and they can stand in very well for clams in Clam Chowder. The Maison Prunier has some fine mussel dishes. One is *Mouclade d'Esnandes*, which any mussel enthusiast could make easily.

First, gently simmer 2 cloves of garlic and a handful of chopped onions and shallots in a little butter for up to ½ hour, without colouring them. Work in a little flour and gently cook to make a light *roux*.

Meanwhile, having scraped and washed 2 lb. mussels, turn them into a pan with a glass of dry white wine, cover and cook over a high heat, shaking the pan a little until, after 5 to 6 minutes, the shells open. Strain the stock, then stir it gradu-

ally into the *roux* together with 1 pint milk to make a white sauce. Add ½ oz. aniseed. Stir while it comes to the boil then simmer, uncovered, for 15 to 20 minutes.

Take a half shell from each mussel. Arrange the mussels on a serving dish. A moment before serving, mix together a spoonful of fresh cream and 1 to 2 egg yolks and stir them into the sauce. Strain this sauce over the mussels through a fine pointed sieve.

And here, for 6 to 8 persons, is the treasured *Consommé de Homard*. Cut up 1 lb. carrots, ½ lb. onions, ½ lb. turnip, 3 leeks and a stick of celery. Put them in a large pan with 2 quarts water, ½ oz. peppercorns, 2 cloves, ½ bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and a clove of garlic with salt to taste. Cook, covered, for 45 minutes. Add 2 lobsters, each weighing 1 lb., and boil gently for 25 minutes. Skim. Add chopped tomatoes to clarify. Strain through a fine cloth. Add a glass of sherry and half the lobster meat, cut in small pieces, and heat thoroughly. Serve extremely hot.

The remaining lobster can be served cold with salad or as lobster mayonnaise.

Lastly, here are *Crêpes Prunier*: These are thin pancakes stuffed with "*crème patissière*" (egg custard made with a little flour and mixed with one-third its bulk in whipped cream flavoured with Trappistine liqueur). Roll the pancakes, place them in a buttered dish and warm them in the oven. Serve them piping hot. At the last minute, pour a little Trappistine liqueur over them and set it alight.



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### PERSONAL

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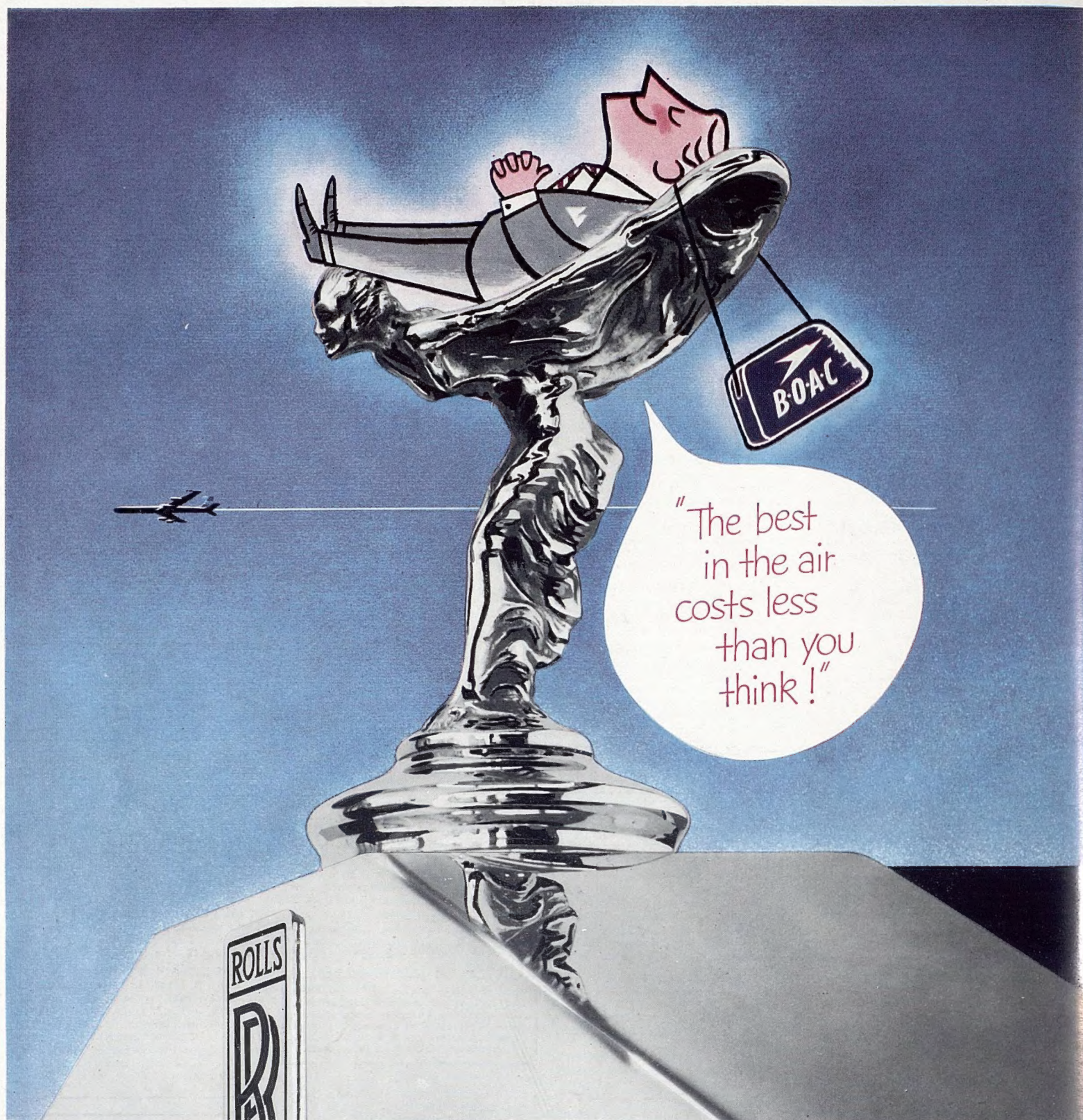
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